

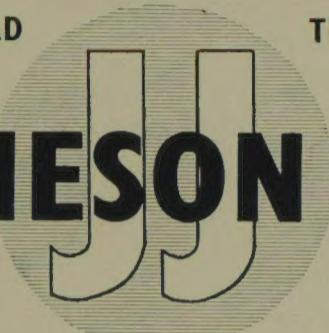
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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HIGHWAYS AND HIGHWAYMEN 'Moll Cutpurse'

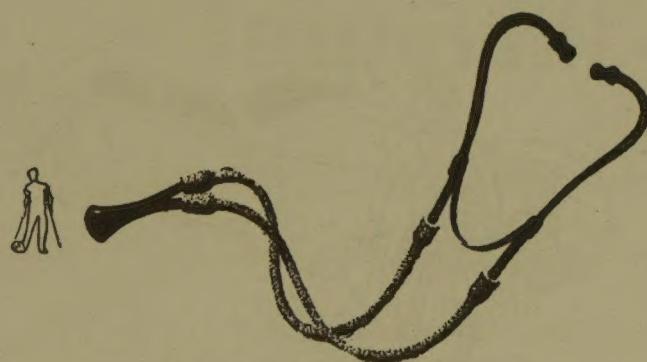
'... she robbed the general, then paid him £2,000'

Mary Frith, (1584?-1659), more commonly known as Moll Cutpurse, from her original profession of cutting purses, was well educated, but hated discipline and the company of her own sex. At an early age she donned man's attire, and after an apprenticeship as a file-clerk, cut-purse or pick-pocket, became a highwaywoman. She once robbed General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath, shooting him through the arm because he opposed her, and killing

two horses on which his servants rode. She was captured at Turnham Green and was sent to Newgate, but procured her pardon by paying General Fairfax £2,000. These picturesque scoundrels, who once made travelling an ordeal, are dead and gone. But today, thanks to John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre, we can travel in safety and comfort past the places that once echoed to the dreaded cry of "Stand and Deliver!"

THIS PICTURE WAS SPECIALLY PAINTED BY STANLEY HERBERT FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED





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This has nothing to do with a National Bedside Manner. All doctors talk TI, whether they know it or not. For one thing, TI specialise in precision tube, which turns into useful things like waiting room chairs, hypodermic needles, operating tables, thermometer cases, delicate instruments, or intricate medical research apparatus. For another, TI supply oxygen and other gas cylinders, those versatile aluminium alloys, and special lighting and heating equipment. You probably race out for the doctor on a TI cycle, and your doctor hurries to your home in a car which is a moving catalogue of TI ingredients. Tell him when you catch your next cold....

The letters TI mean Tube Investments Limited, of The Adelphi, London, W.C.2 (Trafalgar 5633). They also stand for the thirty producing companies of the co-ordinated TI group, makers of precision tubes, of bicycles and components, of wrought aluminium alloys, electrical appliances, pressure vessels, paints, road signs, metal furniture... and essential mechanical parts for a thousand and one things which everybody uses.



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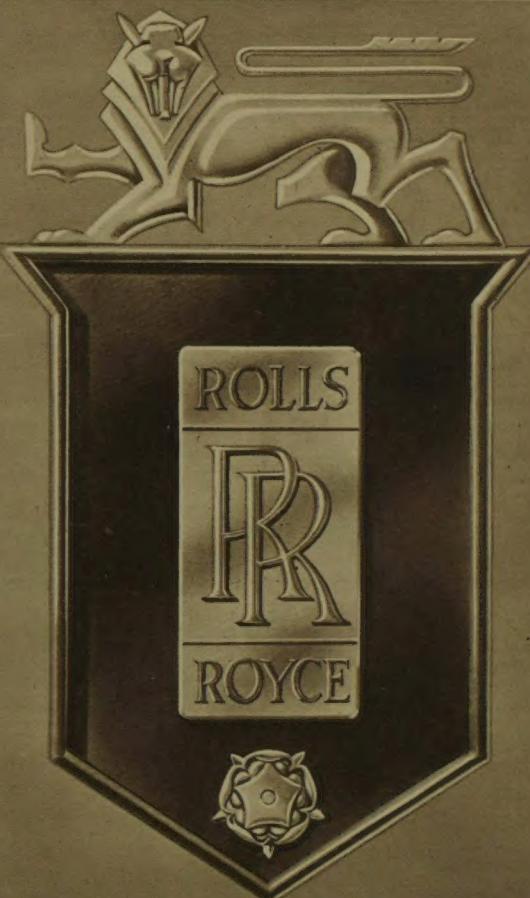


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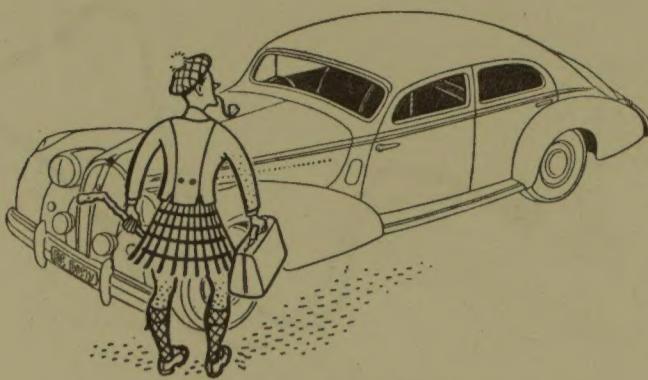
This rich Royal Sherry—a wine of infinite character—comes from the famous Spanish House of Duff Gordon, established in 1772, to whom was granted the use of the Arms of Queen Isabella II—by Royal Decree. At twenty shillings a bottle from your Wine Merchant.

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POPULAR MISQUOTATION No. 5.



*There's method in my madness**

Some of you know that we run this business on what we call Personal Touch lines. We try to make every customer, whether for a new or used car, a repair or a private car hire job, feel that Harold Radford's exists for his or her sole benefit; and we believe we succeed. You may not credit this, but one man came to Melton Court from the wilds of Scotland to buy a car he could very well have bought at a dozen places nearer home. He came to us on the strength of a recommendation. So you see, there's method in our madness: it pays!

*There's method in my madness**
(Hamlet)

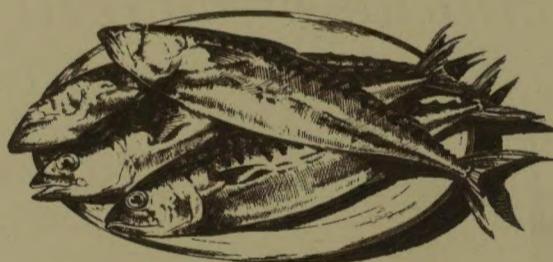
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ARFON MOTORS, LIMITED,
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Messrs. Charles H. Pugh Limited,
Ormskirk, Lancs.

Dear Sirs.

We had the pleasure of supplying an ATCO Boatimpeller to W. Jones, Esq., Chemist, Penygroes, North Wales, on July 18th, 1949.

This unit has been used for a total period of 220 hours during the summer and autumn of 1949, during which time no less than 1,400 mackerel were caught. The unit performed faultlessly, starting being instantaneous whenever required, and fuel consumption at about three hours per tankful.

We have now taken the engine down ready for the summer season, and are pleased to find that it required no more than decarbonising to make it fully efficient again.

We thought you may be pleased to learn of this experience.

Yours faithfully,
ARFON MOTORS, LTD.

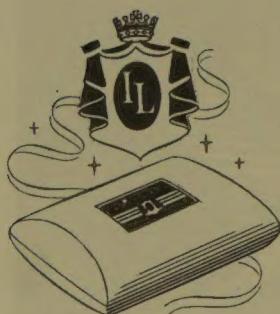


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It is an unusual name! IMPERIAL LEATHER Toilet Soap does arrest attention, not only because of its name but because of its qualities—the freedom of its lather; the perfume that women find so subtle and men so discreet. Use IMPERIAL LEATHER once, and the name will always be remembered with pleasure and satisfaction.



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IMPERIAL LEATHER

AND OTHER TOILET LUXURIES OF EXQUISITE CHARACTER

The table below shows some of the goods that Southern Rhodesia bought from Britain in 1948. There is a market, too, for many other British products. Write for our new booklet 'Overseas SOUTHERN Markets'. It contains detailed trade tables for Southern Rhodesia and other territories where the Bank has branches.

Total 1948 U.K. exports to the territory were £15,507,000. These included:

	CUTLERY, HARDWARE, IMPLEMENTS	£471,000
	ELECTRICAL GOODS & APPARATUS	£959,000
	MACHINERY	£1,915,000
	POTTERY, GLASS, ABRASIVES, ETC.	£472,000
	WOOLLEN & WORSTED YARNS & MANUFACTURES	£563,000
	COTTON PIECE GOODS	£2,221,000

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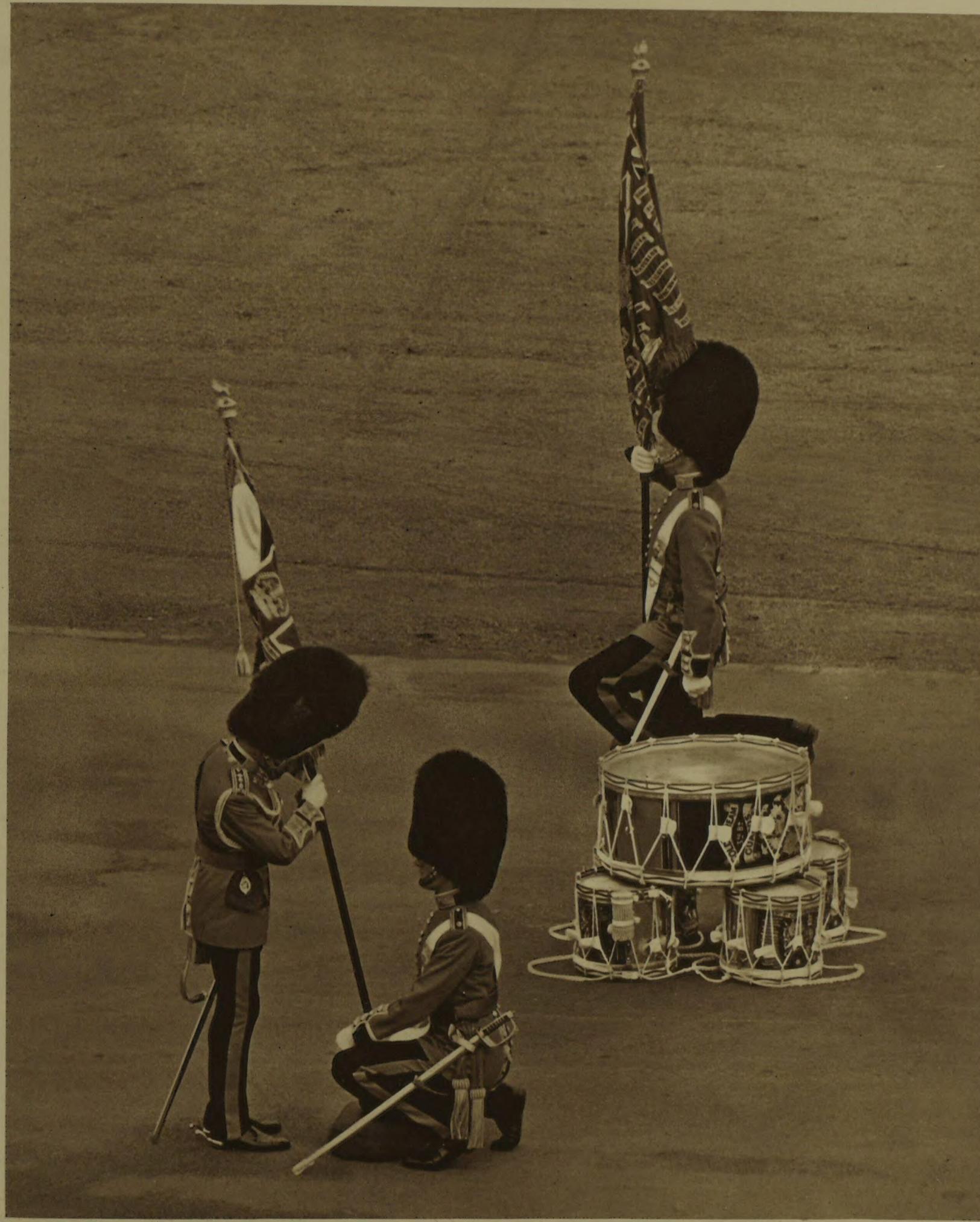
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SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1950.



THE CULMINATION OF A SPLENDID MILITARY CEREMONY: THE KING PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE 3RD BN., THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS, TO MARK THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FORMATION OF THE REGIMENT.

The King, in full dress as Colonel-in-Chief of the Coldstream Guards, presented new Colours to the 3rd Battalion on Horse Guards Parade on July 5, to mark the tercentenary of the formation of the Regiment on July 5, 1650, by General George Monck. Views of the general scene appear on other pages. This photograph shows the King presenting the Regimental Colour to one of the two 2nd Lieutenants detailed as Officers for the Colour. The other is kneeling

with the King's Colour. His Majesty, in his address to the Parade, said: "In the absence of your sister Battalions in Malaya and Tripoli you have the privilege of representing the Coldstream here to-day, and I can assure you that both your smart turn-out and your drill are a credit to the Regiment"; and he continued: "I entrust these new Colours to the 3rd Battalion in confidence that in peace or war their honour will be defended."



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE sometimes sees Mr. Truman described as an ordinary man. Being an Englishman, my instinct is to doubt this; no ordinary man ever rises to supreme political office in England. All the occupants of No. 10, Downing Street, have been remarkable men, even those labelled by their opponents as "mediocrities." And even Lord Liverpool, it will be recalled, was an "arch-mediocrite." Mr. Attlee may not be a genius like his predecessor; he certainly never makes any claim to being one. Yet in the tactics of his profession, politics, he is obviously the most formidable gladiator: possibly the most formidable of his generation. He is not a great orator like Winston Churchill or like the great Welsh demagogue, Aneurin Bevan. He is not associated with any great interest: has not at his back the prestige of and support of a Trades Union, like Ernest Bevin, or of a famous mercantile company, like, say, Mr. R. A. Butler. He is not even a man of the caucus, like his chief lieutenant, Herbert Morrison. Yet for five difficult years he has controlled his Party and Parliament with the quiet hand of a master. No one in England since Stanley Baldwin has possessed such personal power in England in time of peace. That he has not deeply swayed his countrymen's hearts or set the Thames on fire does not make his achievement as a politician any the less remarkable. In other words, he is manifestly an extraordinary and not an ordinary man.

Yet Mr. Truman, so far as an Englishman can judge of such matters, does not seem to be an outstanding politician. He reached his unique office by a kind of political accident. He is not the head of his profession, or of any profession. He is merely the head of the United States. As such he has been the most important person in the world for as long as—even a little longer than—Mr. Attlee has been Prime Minister of this country. He has been more important even than Stalin, though it has so far been Stalin that has done the most important things. But now, after five years of office, Truman has done something even more important than Stalin. He has acted as a man, and by doing so he has given an electric shock to the entire free world. He has given it its marching orders for the future. Not since Roosevelt opened his mouth after Pearl Harbour has such a resounding pronouncement been made. Even the first atom bomb did not have such immense reverberations. For though it takes much to set a free nation like the United States marching, once it sets out, as all history shows, it marches far. And the United States is not marching alone.

The occasion of the Korean dispute is obscure. The place itself—the object of the dispute—is a barren and barbarous peninsula, of little economic or military importance to anyone. But the allegedly ordinary little man who presides over the destinies of the United States—in the seat of Washington, Lincoln and Franklin Delano Roosevelt—has seen, with the clarity of genius, the fundamentals underlying the situation. In doing so he has clarified and represented the feelings of hundreds of millions of ordinary men and women, who do not want war or

conquest, who have no economic nests to feather and no ideological axes to grind, who are both uninterested and uninformed in politics. He has seen that the time has come to call a halt to the process from which the world suffered under Hitler before the war and from which it has suffered from Stalin and his associates since. Henceforward, he has said, and the whole free world says it with him, there can be no more retreat. Truman stands pat, and everyone knows where he stands, even the Kremlin. Mankind is no longer going to be pushed from shameful evasion to shameful evasion until war becomes inevitable. We have reached a clear-cut decision: there will be

bound by a far less iron discipline. Moreover, the destruction of Western civilisation, by war or otherwise, is one of the ideological objects of Eastern Communism.

None the less, I doubt if the Russian leaders want war, much as they want to achieve their political ends by every possible means. One can be sure that the Russian people do not want any repetition of their late sufferings: not, however, that they seem to have much say in the matter—they have to do as they are told. On the whole, if history is any guide, the Russians, though most valiant fighters, are not a very warlike race: they blunder into wars rather than seek them out. In this they differ from the Germans, who for a century or more have been as fascinated by war as the English by cricket. Mr. Truman's stand, therefore, by making the alternative to further aggression clear, may have, whatever the vilification it evokes, the effect that countless millions on both sides of the Iron Curtain so ardently desire. If only the Western Powers can learn in peace to be strong and make the necessary voluntary sacrifices to be so, I believe it may.

There is where the greatness of Mr. Truman's decision resides. He has spoken for the common man everywhere, not as Neville Chamberlain did, by expressing his hopes alone, but by doing something harder: registering the common resolution to pay the realist's price for the fulfilment of such hopes.

He either fears his fate
too much
Or his deserts are small
Who dares not put it to
the touch
To win or lose it all.

Mr. Truman has put it to the touch, and democracy is in his debt for doing so.

And this brings a believer in democratic government to the great question whether the American system is not at present better fitted to evoke this kind of leadership than the British. With the progressive elimination of all power in the United Kingdom except that of the House of Commons and the Executive Bureaucracy that both interprets and in part shapes its will, the ordinary man, paradoxically, has been crowded out of any real part in the control

A GREAT STATESMAN WHOSE CENTENARY HAS JUST BEEN CELEBRATED: SIR ROBERT PEEL (1788-1850), A PORTRAIT PUBLISHED IN OUR ISSUE OF JULY 13, 1850, IN WHICH HIS ACHIEVEMENTS WERE RECORDED AND HIS FUNERAL ILLUSTRATED.

"The influence wielded by Sir Robert Peel over his contemporaries and transmitted to his survivors was not confined to his having been the emancipator of the Catholics from the dominion of bigotry; of the Tory Party from the thrall of political dogma and prejudice; or of the country at large from the repressing and contracting influence of the Protective system. . . . The action of his character on the national mind," is a quotation from the article on "Sir Robert Peel as a Statesman" printed in our issue of July 13, 1850, and in the frame which surrounds our portrait of him are symbols recalling his achievements, which included the Repeal of the Corn Law, 1846, the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, 1829, the Reform of Criminal Law, 1826, the foundation of the Irish Constabulary, 1817, and of the Metropolitan Police in 1829 (known respectively as "Peelers" and "Bobbies").

war or there will not be war. Those who want war—if there are any such—can have it now if they choose: and they know exactly how they can have it. In one way or another, in our longing for peace, we in the free world have all at one time or another in the past twenty years been appeasers. We are appeasers no longer.

That, at least, is something. It is not perhaps much. The danger of war has not been removed: only the certainty of war. The appalling shadow of it still lies over the world. And it must not be forgotten that, though both East and West alike dread war, the East, in its pursuit of its political ends, has less to fear from war, provided it can avert a defeat, than the West. War is the great disintegrator of civilisations, and modern war most of all. And the West not only has an infinitely richer and therefore more vulnerable civilisation than the East; it is

of the State. Power in Britain to-day is monopolised by professionals—men who rule by virtue of the fact that they have special and un-ordinary qualifications for ruling. They are specialists. The presence of specialists in Government is an excellent thing; the monopoly of Government by specialists is a dangerous and bad one. It results—and it is resulting in Britain to-day—in high decision by professional rule-of-thumb: that is, the elimination of conscience, judgment and common sense and the enthronement in their place of automatic precedent. It was this that destroyed both Imperial Rome and Imperial Spain, and brought us to the pass in which we entered the Second World War. Mr. Truman, that ordinary man of conscience, judgment and common sense, has by his brave and sensible action restored reality to the direction of international affairs. One is grateful for that.





SHOWING THE STRUCTURE, WHICH CONSISTS OF FIVE RINGS OF BUILDINGS CONNECTED BY TEN CORRIDORS: AN AIR VIEW OF THE PENTAGON, WASHINGTON, D.C., WHICH HOUSES THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, ARMY AND AIR FORCE.



LOOKING ACROSS THE MAN-MADE LAGOON, ON WHICH AIR FORCE CRAFT MAY BE DISCERNED: THE FRONT SIDE OF THE PENTAGON. EACH OF THE OUTERMOST SIDES OF THE BUILDING IS 921 FT. LONG, THE PERIMETER IS SEVEN-EIGHTHS OF A MILE AND THE PENTAGONAL COURT IN THE CENTRE COVERS FIVE ACRES. THERE ARE SEVENTEEN MILES OF CORRIDORS.

THE NERVE-CENTRE OF THE UNITED STATES DEFENCE SYSTEM: THE PENTAGON, LARGEST OFFICE BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

The Pentagon, situated on the Virginia side of the Potomac River some two miles from the cluster of Federal buildings on Constitution Avenue, Washington, houses the Joint Chiefs of Staff of the United States Navy, Army and Air Force. In 1941, in consequence of the difficulty of accommodating the increasing numbers of War Department personnel, the late President Roosevelt asked Congress for additional buildings to be constructed in or near the District of Columbia. In September of that year the Pentagon was begun and it was finished in January, 1943, over

15,000 men having been employed on it at one time, doing much of the work by floodlight at night. The Navy moved into the building in 1948, thus bringing top officers of the Army, Navy and Air Force under one roof as part of the unification programme. It consists of five rings of buildings, five stories high, connected by ten corridors, with a five-acre pentagonal court in the centre. The cost of construction was 64,000,000 dollars and during the last years of the war 32,000 military and civilian workers were employed there.

FEATURED IN THE NEWS FROM KOREA:
PORTS, AIRFIELDS AND THE HAN RIVER.



(ABOVE.) REPORTED CAPTURED BY NORTH KOREAN TROOPS ON JULY 6: THE PORT OF INCHON, SOUTH-WEST OF SEOUL, AS IT APPEARED IN FEBRUARY, 1948.



WHERE TANKS OF THE NORTH KOREAN COMMUNIST ARMY WERE FERRIED ACROSS AND BROKE THROUGH THE SOUTH KOREAN DEFENCES: THE HAN RIVER SOUTH OF SEOUL.

THE port of Inchon, south-west of Seoul, which held out against the North Korean forces although isolated by their successful advance on other fronts, was reported to be held by North Korean troops in a communiqué issued from General MacArthur's headquarters on July 6. The port was used by the U.S. Army as a petroleum distribution centre, and our photograph, taken in February, 1948, shows the rows of petrol drums on the quayside. The North Koreans broke through the Han River line on June 30, after they had ferried 40 or 50 armoured vehicles across the river. U.S. B-26 medium bombers were used to support the ground forces and to bomb targets along the Han River east and west of Seoul. Pusan is the nearest Korean port to Japan and was for centuries the strongest town in Korea.



THE ONLY PORT LEFT IN SOUTH KOREAN HANDS WHICH CAN BE USED FOR SUPPLYING THE U.S. GROUND FORCES: A VIEW OF PUSAN.



NOW IN THE HANDS OF THE NORTH KOREAN COMMUNIST ARMY: SUWON AIRFIELD; SHOWING A U.S. B-26 AIRCRAFT CARRYING ROCKETS UNDER ITS WINGS.



AN AIRFIELD WHICH WAS REPORTED TO HAVE CHANGED HANDS SEVERAL TIMES: KIMPO AIRPORT, NORTH-WEST OF SEOUL, WHICH IS NOW HELD BY THE NORTH KOREANS.



THE RETREAT FROM SUWON: A VIEW OF THE FORMER U.S. HEADQUARTERS, WHICH WERE BURNED BEFORE THE AMERICANS EVACUATED THE TOWN.



THE RETREAT FROM SEOUL: A COLUMN OF SMOKE RISING FROM A BRIDGE BLOWN UP BY THE SOUTH KOREAN TROOPS AS THEY WITHDREW.



THE PREMATURE EVACUATION OF SUWON: REFUGEES CLINGING LIKE FLIES TO AN OVERLOADED TRAIN WHICH LEFT THE TOWN ON JUNE 30. THE NORTH KOREANS CAPTURED THE TOWN AND AIRFIELD ON JULY 4 AFTER AN ALL-DAY BATTLE.



A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE "LAND OF MORNING CALM" SINCE THE INVASION: A PATHETIC PROCESSION OF REFUGEES MOVING SOUTHWARDS AWAY FROM THE ADVANCING COMMUNISTS.



PACKED LIKE SARDINES IN A TIN RATHER THAN FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE COMMUNISTS: SOUTH KOREAN REFUGEES AND TROOPS CROWDED TOGETHER ON GOODS TRUCKS BEFORE LEAVING SUWON FOR THE SOUTH.

DISASTERS IN SOUTH KOREA: THE FALL OF SEOUL AND SUWON TO THE NORTH KOREAN FORCES.

Seoul, capital of South Korea, was captured by the North Korean Communist forces on June 28 in spite of U.S. intervention in the air. The retreating South Korean troops blew up bridges over the Han River but were unable to consolidate their position on the river line and were pushed back by armoured forces to Suwon. On July 1 it was reported that the town and its airfield had also been captured, but this was premature, although the town was evacuated by its inhabitants on

June 30. On July 4, after an all-day battle in which four or five North Korean divisions were engaged, Suwon was captured, the U.S. headquarters being set on fire by its staff before they left. On July 7 the Soviet Foreign Ministry handed a note to the U.S. Ambassador in Moscow declaring that the U.S.S.R. would consider America responsible for all the consequences of the Korean sea blockade and for all damage to the interests of the Soviet Union.

FIGHTING FOR THE UNITED NATIONS AGAINST AGGRESSION: U.S. FORCES.



COMMANDER OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY FORCES IN KOREA: MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM F. DEAN, A FORMER MILITARY GOVERNOR OF SOUTH KOREA.



ORDERED TO JAPAN: AMTRACS OF THE FIRST DIVISION, U.S. MARINES, PASSING IN REVIEW AT CAMP PENDLETON, CALIFORNIA, ON JULY 3.



APPOINTED COMMANDING GENERAL OF THE U.S. FLEET MARINE FORCE IN THE PACIFIC: LIEUT.-GENERAL LEMUEL C. SHEPHERD, JR., HERE SEEN AT OKINAWA IN 1945.

ON June 30 the White House announced that General MacArthur had been authorised "to use certain supporting ground units" in South Korea and that a naval blockade of the entire Korean coast had been ordered. At the same time it was stated that the United States Air Force would be allowed to conduct missions on specific military targets in North Korea "wherever militarily necessary." On the following day it was reported that a battalion of the U.S. 24th Infantry Division was being flown to South Korea. On July 3 the United States Defence Department announced that Marines and Marine air units had been ordered to Japan and the Navy Department stated that these reinforcements would be sent from the Fleet Marine force at Camp Pendleton and El Toro, California. On July 5 a combined British and American carrier force launched a series of air attacks on military targets in North Korea. Two United States naval aircraft were damaged by anti-aircraft fire but returned to their carrier.

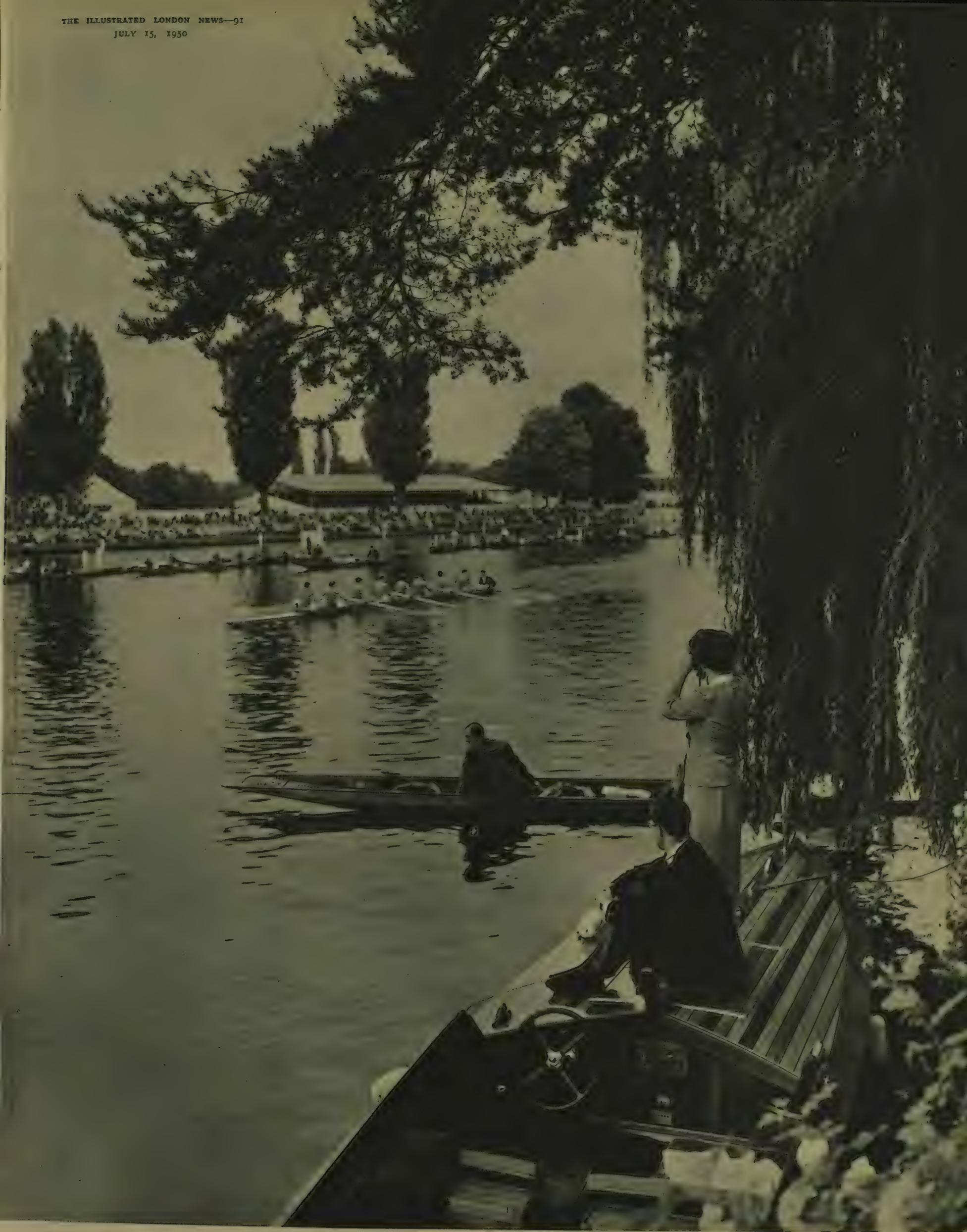
(RIGHT.) NOW OPERATING OFF THE COAST OF KOREA: THE UNITED STATES AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *VALLEY FORGE*, WHOSE AIRCRAFT HAVE ATTACKED ENEMY TARGETS.



PREPARED FOR SERVICE OVERSEAS: MECHANISED EQUIPMENT OF THE 1ST MARINE DIVISION AT CAMP PENDLETON DURING A RECENT REVIEW OF THE 8000 MEN AND 800 VEHICLES.



IN BATTLE ORDER: U.S. MARINES OF THE 1ST DIVISION WITH FULL EQUIPMENT, PARADED AT CAMP PENDLETON PRIOR TO SERVICE OVERSEAS.



HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA: THE IDYLLIC SCENE AS CREWS PADDLE PAST PHYLLIS COURT ON THEIR WAY TO THE STARTING POINT ON THE FIRST DAY OF RACING.

On July 5 started what is probably the pleasantest rowing occasion in the year and in the world—Henley Royal Regatta. It is a meeting at which oarsmen all over the world desire to row, and the fact that the first day's rowing consisted of no fewer than fifty-eight heats makes it probable that, at the present rate, an extension of another day may soon be required. The surprise of the first day was the defeat of Eton

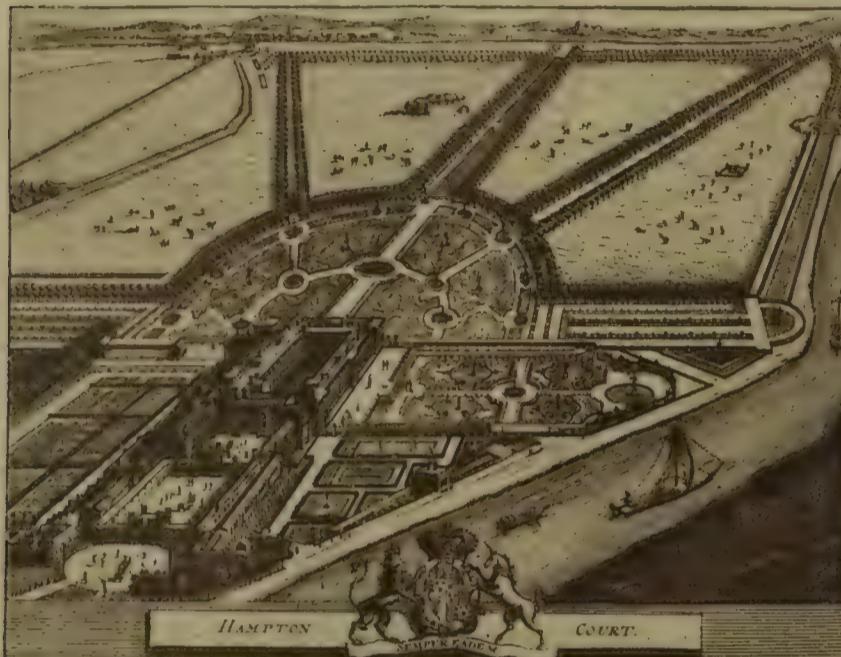
by Trinity College, Dublin, in the Ladies' Plate. On July 6, the race of the day was that between Harvard University and Lady Margaret in the Grand, Harvard winning by half a length in the fast time of 7 mins. 8 secs. There was some good racing in the Thames Cup; and in the Diamond Sculls A. D. Rowe, of Leander and formerly of Cambridge, the eventual winner, was showing excellent form.

ENGLISH GARDENING OVER FOUR CENTURIES.

"THE GARDENS OF HAMPTON COURT"; By MOLLIE SANDS.*
An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

BY an odd chance, when this book came my way, I had just finished reading, in a friend's house, Ernest Law's (1890) three-volume history of Hampton Court Palace: Miss Sands's volume, to me, makes a charming supplement.

She gives a sketch of the Gardens and their human and vegetable denizens throughout the centuries. And in so doing she supplies a concise history of developments in gardening-taste, from the mediæval "*hortus conclusus*" onwards, and of the ever-multiplying kinds of things cultivated, enjoyed or used. Perpetual change is evident in all regards, especially the gastronomic. When we grow violets, we grow them as flowers only; in Henry VIII.'s time they were amongst the many ingredients of the sauces which were all too necessary with the meat—marigolds were used in James I.'s day, when (sugar, except from the bee, being still an expensive luxury) flowers were still largely used for sweetening.



THE GARDENS OF HAMPTON COURT AS THEY WERE JUST BEFORE THE DEATH OF WILLIAM III. DURING THE YEARS 1689-1701 MANY OF THE FEATURES MOST FAMILIAR TO US WERE INTRODUCED, SUCH AS THE BROAD WALK, THE LONG WALK AND THE MAZE.

Reproductions from "The Gardens of Hampton Court"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Evans Brothers, Ltd.

And in the course of her narrative she produces a mass of out-of-the-way information which makes her book one of the most agreeable of miscellanies.

At the end, Miss Sands appends an interesting and amusing little biographical dictionary of "some of the people we have met in Hampton Court Gardens"—for people loom as largely as plants in her pages. She takes them in groups. First come "Gardeners and Garden Designers," great and small. "Capability" Brown is amongst them; he was in charge of the Gardens in George III.'s reign, and is reputed to have planted the Great Vine, which is still going strong. Kent appears as having made alterations to the Palace and "removed 'old-fashioned' scroll-work in the east garden, replacing it with new-fashioned turf." Less well known, but very influential at Hampton Court, was John Rose, who supervised the Gardens in Charles II.'s reign and was "probably responsible for carrying out the main alterations—the lime avenues, the canal, etc." He grew the first pineapple in England. His successor, appointed Royal Gardener at the Revolution of 1688, was George London, who, with Henry Wise, made the Maze, which still entertains thousands after 250 years. These two "founded famous nursery gardens at Brompton." Can London have been a relative of the Duke of Wellington's nurseryman correspondent? The story is that the gardener wrote to Wellington suggesting planting beeches at Stratfieldsaye. The letter was extremely illegible and, after doing his best to decipher it, the Duke addressed a reply to Fulham Palace running something like this: "F.M. the Duke of Wellington acknowledges the generosity of the offer but cannot conceive any possible use he could make of the Bishop of London's breeches."

"Royalty" is the next category. Henry VIII., who took the Palace from Wolsey, who had built it, is naturally prominent. He spent four honeymoons there, played tennis there, indulged in archery there, hunted there (he made an enormous Chase on both sides of the river which caused great hardship to evicted people and was abolished in the next reign), and certainly enjoyed the Gardens. He "gave his Hampton Court gardener a reward for growing both melons and cucumbers during the first years that he owned the Palace." Thereafter, for centuries, every sovereign made use of Palace and Gardens. Henry's daughter Mary was moved there during her last illness. Earlier she and her husband, Philip of Spain, had lived in retirement at Hampton Court. "Philip must have had some happy recollections of the gardens, for when he was back in Spain he ordered the architect of his new garden at the Monastery of San Geronimo to build it with 'galleries, towers, moats and flower-gardens,' after the pattern of the country-house in England where he had lived with Queen Mary." James I. (whose wife died at Hampton Court) took a great interest in the Gardens: but he would hardly enjoy the sight of them now, on a Saturday, Sunday or Bank Holiday. He spoke of the "corrupt and insolent natures of the baser sort," and was "annoyed by 'the bold and barbarous insolency of multitudes of vulgar people' who flocked to see him when he went out hunting, and sometimes followed the hounds without permission." The list of royal users of the Palace and Gardens ceases abruptly with Queen Victoria. Very shortly after her accession she ordered that the Gardens should be thrown open to the public. "It was a bold and generous act on the part of Queen Victoria. Hampton Court was the first place of public recreation to be open on Sundays, and for a long time the only place. There were protests against this desecration of the Sabbath. . . . Those in whose

memories the horrors of the French Revolution were still vivid predicted that Palace and Gardens alike would be wrecked by the mob." In spite of the royal absence, there was plenty of development in Victoria's time. Landscape-gardening went out of fashion, and flowers came in again, though not, to us, in a very agreeable way. "The sweeps of green turf were now cut up into flower-beds of geometrical shape. These beds often displayed the new fashion of 'carpet-bedding,' usually carried out in the garishly contrasted colours of red geraniums, blue lobelias and yellow calceolarias." There, as elsewhere, "by the middle of the nineteenth century, carpet-bedding was so much practised that the beautiful, old-fashioned hardy plants were almost forgotten in large, expensive gardens, although in humble gardens they were still lovingly cultivated." People of my generation can remember when that grim fashion was still in full swing: the herbaceous border has rectified all that, and even the most ostentatious no longer disdain the Canterbury-bell and the Sweet-William. The greatest revolution of the nineteenth century (it dates from a few years before Victoria's great gesture) was the invention of the mowing-machine. "Seventy years later the first petrol-driven lawn-mower appeared."

"Ladies," Miss Sands next catalogues. They are a very mixed lot. Some are of the highest reputation. There was Henrietta Maria's friend, Lady Carlisle, who was celebrated in verse by Herrick, Waller, d'Avenant and Suckling. There was Surrey's "Geraldine," of whom he wrote (he played tennis in that court which is still used)—

With dazed eies oft we by gleame of love,
Have mist the ball.

There was the beautiful and charming Molly Lepell. There was Wellington's mother, who lived in the Palace for many years and whose little garden is still called "Lady Mornington's Garden." But other frequenters included George I.'s awful German mistresses, Kilmarnock (Countess of Darlington and Leinster) and Schulenburg (Duchess of Kendal), who were graphically known as "The Elephant and Castle" and "The Maypole."

"Courtiers and Nobles" follow; then "Soldiers and Statesmen," amongst them Oliver Cromwell, who visited Charles I. (who later escaped thence) at Hampton Court. Finally come "Writers." Defoe described the Gardens in his "Tour"; John Evelyn described them; the "Rape of the Lock" was based on an incident which happened there; Tom Moore walked in the Gardens with Walter Scott, Samuel Rogers and the Wordsworths—a remarkable collection. Henry VIII., too, might have come into this section had he not appeared as Royalty. For that versatile butcher was, amongst other things, a poet.

As the holly groweth green and never changeth hue
So I am—ever have been—unto my lady true.

He probably sang this to his lute in front of his Court: a smile would have been fatal.

The biographical dictionary is interesting; but since the book is about gardens, I think another sort of index might be added to the inevitable second edition. Hundreds of sorts of flowers, fruits and vegetables are mentioned in the book, and an index to them would have been useful. There are rare herbs and vegetables now seldom encountered; there are plants and trees whose first

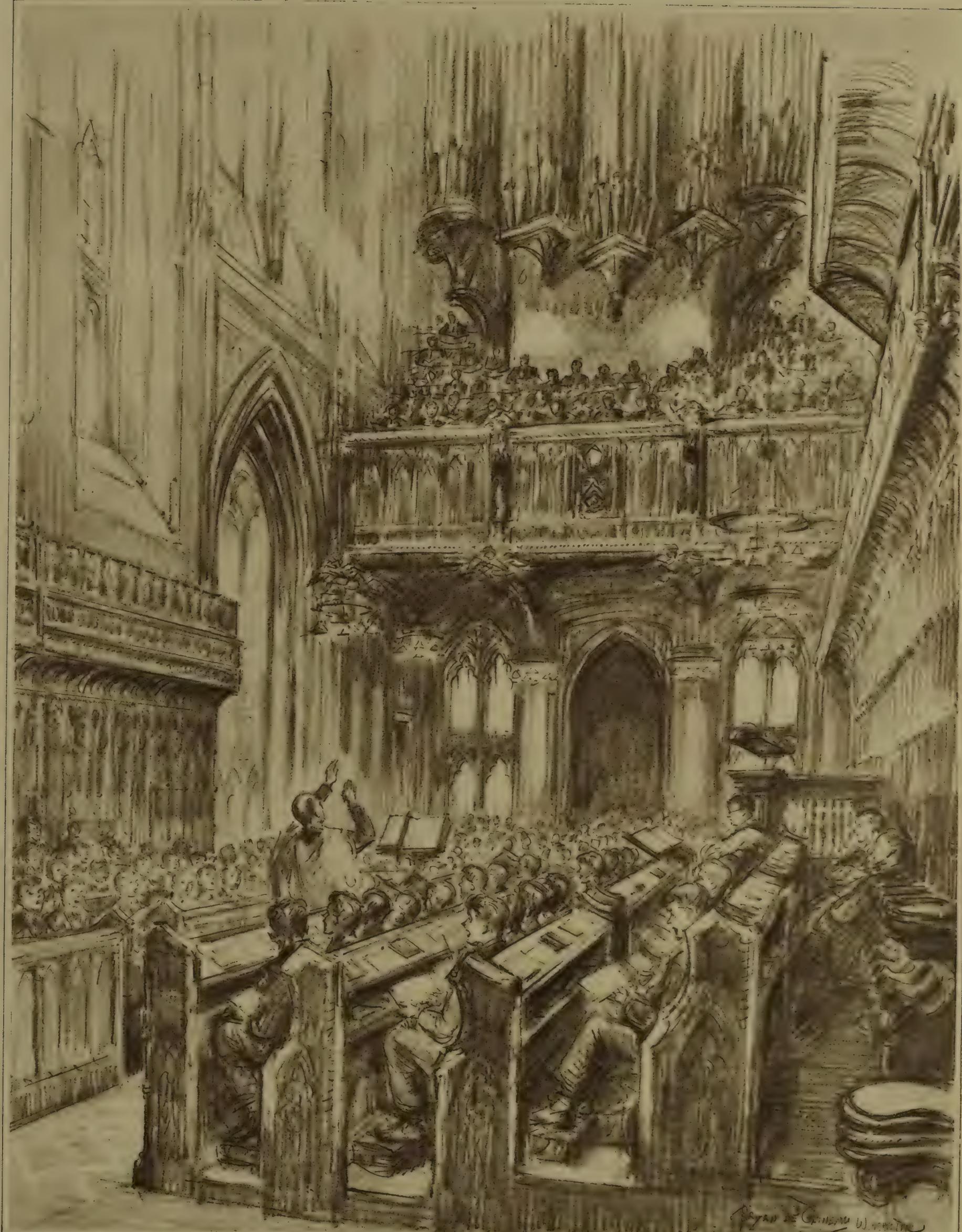


DESCRIBED BY JOHN EVELYN IN 1662: THE NEWLY-DUG CANAL AND THE LIME TREES
HERE DEPICTED BY HENDRIK DANCKERTS (1630?-1678).

Reproduced from the painting by Danckerts by gracious permission of H.M. the King.

introduction to England is mentioned (I can hardly, but must, believe that the "Dorothy Perkins" rose did not "happen" until 1900!); it will be annoying to have to peruse many pages again to find the first reference to "apricockes," or to discover whether (say) greengages are ever mentioned as having been grown at Hampton Court. There is a mass of information of this sort in the book: we are given, for instance, lists of flowers and fruits which were left behind by the Romans and survived the astonishing indifference of the Saxon carnivores, who seem to have been interested in only one vegetable product, namely the cole-wort, or wild cabbage.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 116 of this issue.

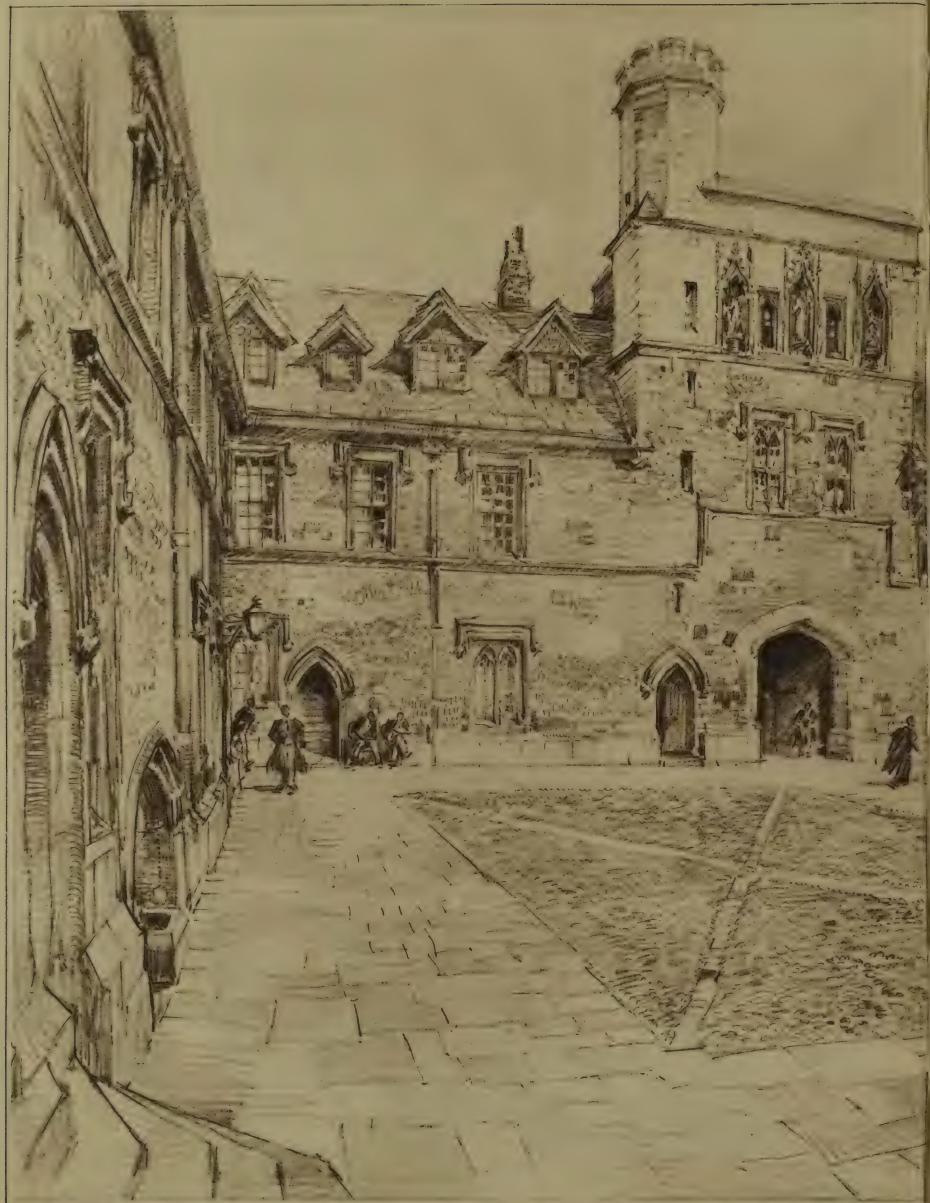


WINCHESTER COLLEGE: THE CHAPEL, CONSECRATED IN 1395, LOOKING WEST FROM THE ALTAR.

Winchester College, "the College of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Winchester near Winchester," was founded in 1394 by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, and still occupies its original site. Our Special Artist, Captain Bryan de Grineau, recently visited Winchester College and we reproduce on this and the following pages some drawings he made of the buildings, and aspects of life at this great public school. The history of Winchester is too long to be even summarised adequately

in these pages, but those interested in the early days of the school will find the subject fully dealt with in a comprehensive book entitled "Winchester College," by J. D'E. Firth, and published by Winchester Publications, Ltd. Our drawing shows the mediæval Chapel, looking west during congregational practice. To-day only the exterior remains as planned by Wykeham, the interior having suffered sadly from the vicissitudes of time and fashion, and the hand of the restorer.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



REPUTED TO BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL QUADRANGLE IN ENGLAND: CHAMBER COURT, WINCHESTER

Chamber Court forms the central quadrangle at Winchester College and the founder, Wykeham, intended that the entire Collegiate Establishment should be housed round this quadrangle which, although splendid, is not large, its sides measuring only 115 ft. This old quadrangle has been continuously lived in by

succeeding generations of boys for 550 years. On the west side lies the Kitchen, and on the south the two principal buildings, Hall and Chapel. A view of the interior of the latter appears on another page. William of Wykeham's school was so well planned, for he was a skilful architect as well

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



COLLEGE, LOOKING TOWARDS MIDDLE GATE AND SHOWING (L.) THE STEPS LEADING UP TO THE HALL.

as a prelate, that much of the original layout remains. Gradual additions and improvements have not destroyed the medieval aspect of a school which for several generations has enjoyed an acknowledged supremacy amongst our great public schools. The present headmaster is Mr. W. F. Oakeshott, who is an

authority on medieval art and books. In our issue of April 22, 1950, we published an appreciation by Sir John Squire of his latest book, "The Sequence of English Medieval Art." Field Marshal Earl Wavell, an old Wykehamist, was buried on June 7 in Wykeham's Cloister garth at Winchester College.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

LIFE AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE—WHERE “MANNERS MAKYTH MAN.”

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



BUILT IN 1687 TO REPLACE THE MEDIEVAL SCHOOLROOM, NOW SEVENTH CHAMBER: SCHOOL, A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF THE WREN STYLE, WHICH FOR NEARLY 200 YEARS WAS BOTH THE PLACE OF INSTRUCTION AND ALSO THE DAYROOM FOR SCHOLARS AND COMMONERS.



FORMERLY THE BREWERY: THE MAIN SCHOOL LIBRARY, SHOWING ITS FINE APPEARANCE WITH ITS OLD BEAMS AND TIMBERED ROOF. IT IS NAMED AFTER DR. MOBERLY, ONE OF THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY HEADMASTERS. THE OLD NORTH GALLERY FORMERLY HOUSED THE MOBERLY LIBRARY.

The total number of scholars at Winchester is seventy, and they live together in the College buildings. The Commoners are divided into Houses, containing about forty boys each. In contrast with Eton, where individual rooms for all boys are of the essence of the system, the emphasis at Winchester is on community life. For many years Winchester remained predominantly clerical in tone. A reminder of this

can be seen in School on the “*Aut Disce*” board, which reveals *Aut disce* (learn, and a bishop's mitre shall be your reward); *Aut discede* (go away, and take up the soldier's sword, the lawyer's pen or the scribbler's quill); *Manet sors tercia eaudi* (if you do not like either, stay and be beaten). The drawing of School (top) shows Lord's tree (right), beneath which only the Lord's cricket XI. may sit.

LIFE AT AN ANCIENT PUBLIC SCHOOL: TOYTIME; AND DINING IN HALL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



"THE ONLY ANCIENT FOURTEENTH-CENTURY SCHOOL BUILDING NOW EXISTING": SEVENTH CHAMBER AT TOYTIME, SHOWING BOYS WORKING IN THE TOYS (RIGHT), WHILE OTHERS (LEFT) ARE PREPARING A BEDTIME BREW AFTER PRECES, AND ONE BOY (LEFT-CENTRE) IS PRISING OPEN A SARDINE TIN WITH A BREADKNIFE.



COLLEGERS DINING IN HALL. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND IS THE BOX INTO WHICH SCRAPS WERE ONCE THROWN FOR THE BENEFIT OF SIX OLD LADIES, CALLED "WEEDLERS," WHO WEDED THE COURT BELOW. THE SECOND MASTER PRESIDES AT HIGH TABLE.

Though every ancient school has special words and customs of its own, the Notions of Winchester are unique on account of their number, interest and fame. A few words of great antiquity, such as "continent" and "abroad," meaning confined to or released from the sickroom, are still in use. The drawing of Toytyme in Seventh Chamber on this page shows senior Collegers studying in their "Toys"

(wooden compartments) after *Preces*—evening prayers. Round the walls are marbles bearing the names and dates of former Collegers. On the west side of Chamber Court is the kitchen; in the adjoining lobby hangs the portrait of "The Trusty Servant," a bizarre but popular figure of a porker. Above his right hand is the school motto: "Manners Maketh Man," surmounted by the College arms.

AT THE ROYAL SHOW: ROYAL VISITORS
PRIZE STOCK AND MECHANISED FARMING.

WHERE THE USE OF ELECTRICITY IN CARRYING OUT VARIOUS FORMS OF FARM AND AGRICULTURAL WORK WAS DEMONSTRATED: THE ELECTRIC FARM AT THE ROYAL SHOW.



AWARDED A SILVER MEDAL IN THE NEW IMPLEMENTS SECTION: THE TEMPLEWOOD MARK I. GRASS DRIER, EXHIBITED BY THE TEMPLEWOOD ENGINEERING CO., SLOUGH.



AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW ON JULY 5, THE SECOND DAY: T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND (LEFT) LORD DIGBY, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, ARRIVING AT THE GRAND RING.



FIRST-PRIZE WINNER, CHAMPION AND CHALLENGE CUP WINNER: MESSRS. C. AND L. HALES' (HAYWARD'S HEATH) SUSSEX BULL CAPENOIR AJAX.



WINNER OF THE HEAVYWEIGHT CLASS AND HUNTERS' IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY'S MEDAL: LORD STAVORDALE'S FLEA-BITTEN GREY BROOD MARE DOLOMITE.

This year, the four-day show of the Royal Agricultural Society, at Kidlington, Oxford, was notable for the large area of the site covered (150 acres) and the number of high-quality exhibits, and also for the fact that the work of a year's advance preparation was threatened by the torrential rain of July 3. All, however, was well, no rain fell on July 4, the opening day, and the muddy approaches were made passable by laying down straw. The Princess Royal, this year's President, and the

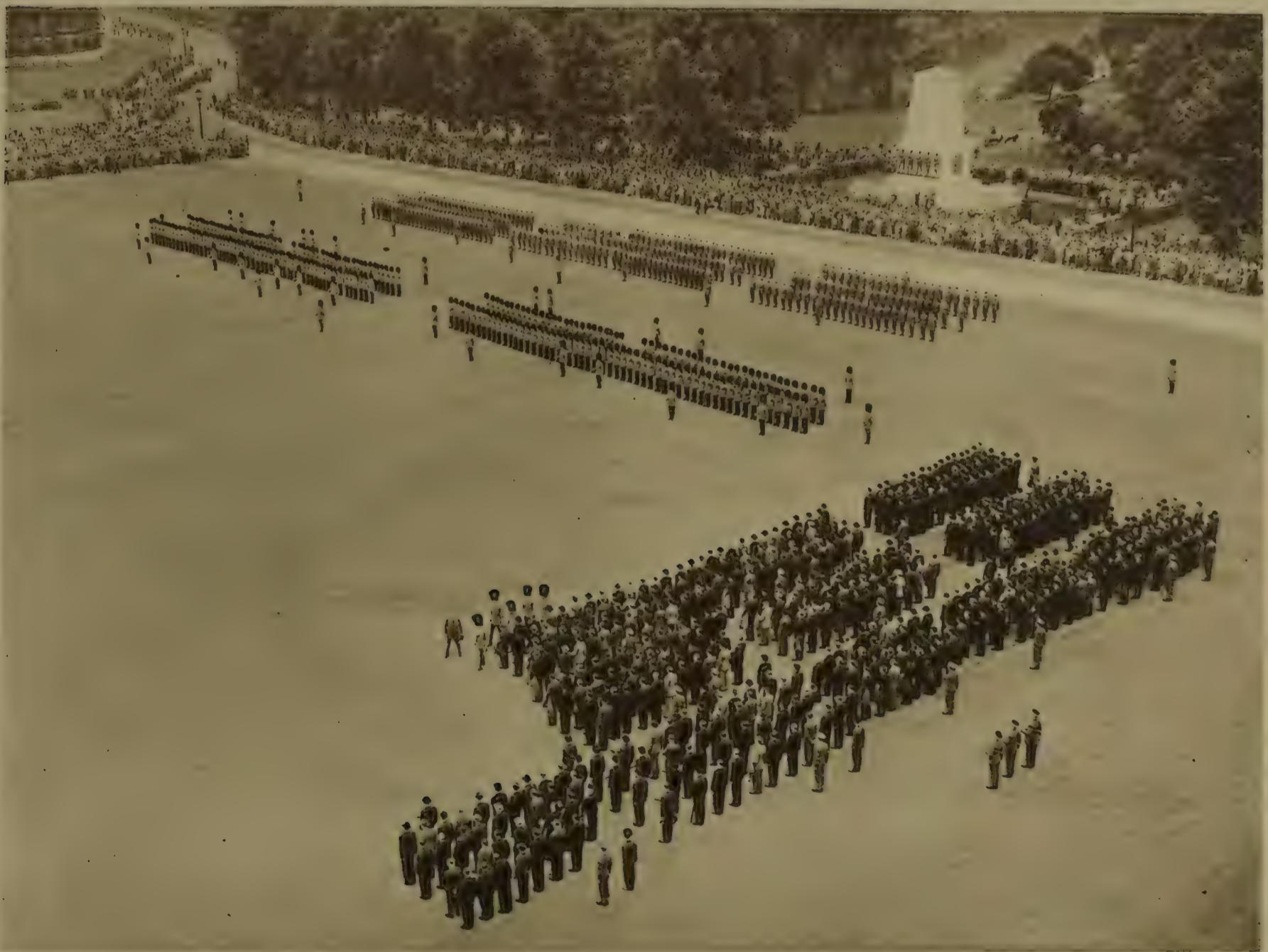


CHAMPION OF THE PERCHERON MARE OR FILLY CLASS: MESSRS. W. DRURY AND SONS' HANDSOME GREY MILBY GINA, HER MANE DRAMATICALLY DRESSED.

Duke of Gloucester were on the showground on July 4; the Duke and Duchess also came on July 5, and a large crowd assembled, including many overseas visitors. The Electric Farm, prepared by the Electrical Development Association in collaboration with the Southern Electricity Board, demonstrated electrical milking and other work which can be undertaken by the modern "maid of all work." Some visitors arrived by air, arrangements having been made for landing on the showground.



MARCHING PAST THE ROYAL DAIS ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE ON JULY 5: MEMBERS OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION. THE KING IS TAKING THE SALUTE, WHILE TO THE LEFT OF HIM (R. TO L.) ARE THE QUEEN, QUEEN MARY, PRINCESS MARGARET, THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCE MICHAEL OF KENT.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SPLENDID MILITARY OCCASION ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE: THE 3RD BATTALION, THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS, TO WHOM THE KING PRESENTED NEW COLOURS, IS IN THE CENTRE, AND MEN OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION ARE NEARER THE CAMERA.

THE COLDSTREAMERS ON PARADE TO RECEIVE NEW COLOURS IN CELEBRATION OF THEIR TERCENTENARY.

On July 5 the King presented new Colours to the 3rd Battalion, The Coldstream Guards, to mark the 300th anniversary of the formation of the Regiment on July 5, 1650. Our lower photograph shows the Battalion, in full dress, lined up on Horse Guards Parade. Behind in line are No. 13 Company from the depot of the Brigade, Caterham, No. 16 Company from the training centre at Pirbright, and the Coldstream detachment from No. 1 (Guards) Parachute Company in battledress, the parachutists

wearing maroon berets. The old Colours were trooped along the front of the line and marched off parade; the King was received with a Royal Salute and, after the inspection, the Regimental Colour and the King's Colour were consecrated, and the 2nd Lieutenants detailed as Officers for the Colours received them on bended knee. Men of the Royal Corps of Signals in full dress uniform (visible in our upper photograph) had installed a microphone, and his Majesty addressed the Parade.

ON June 23, the Committee appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to examine the plight of historic houses in this country published its recommendations.* It was required to report "what general arrangements might be made by the Government" for the maintenance of houses of historic or architectural interest, including, where desirable, "the preservation of a house and its contents as a unity." The Chairman was Sir Ernest Gowers, formerly Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue. The fact that the committee was appointed by Sir Stafford Cripps, and perhaps also the chairman's past, may be taken as indications that the problem was almost entirely financial. The appointment of the committee was also evidence of a genuine concern on the part of a Labour and Socialist Government for the preservation of the historic and beautiful houses in which the United Kingdom, and England especially, is still so rich. It is true that this Government, excluding all questions of taxation, has from time to time been a serious offender, above all in respect of open-cast coal-mining. Yet, however much this is to be deplored, it amounts to a very small matter in relation to the whole question.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. "THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND."

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

convined that if the spirit of great English domestic architecture is to be preserved its creations should be used as they were intended to be, domestically.

Whether the dividing-up of a great house between its owner and an office proves successful or not must depend on several factors, the chief among them being the layout of the building, its situation—if it be too remote it cannot be convenient for an office—and the spirit in which the management of the office regards its tenancy. In certain cases the houses are so big that, even should their proprietors obtain the relief recommended by the Gowers Committee, it is impossible in the economic circumstances of our time to imagine that the families of these proprietors will ever inhabit them as a whole. In point of fact, they never did inhabit them. Houses were built on a great scale mainly because the builders wanted to entertain on a great scale and to have scores of bedrooms for their friends. Parliament did not commonly sit after the summer, and when it rose, Commons as well as Lords, the Radicals with the Tories, headed for the country, to entertain or be entertained at the house parties which reached their zenith in Victorian and Edwardian days. Frequently then there is no alternative to an office using part of the building, except to keep it as a sort of museum. Personally, I find a moribund air about a house in which many rooms are used only for exhibition, though I can put up with a few.

Sir Ernest Gowers stated after the publication of the report that when the committee was taking evidence, he had found that few people disputed the need for some form of financial help to the owners of historic houses of outstanding interest. So far, so good, but it is probable that the witnesses who gave evidence before this committee came from highly cultivated sections of the community. I am by no means sure that their views will be those of the community as a whole, though I sincerely hope that they will be sympathetically received by the Government. I find to-day an astonishing number of people, irrespective of class or politics, for whom these houses are simply "out of date," and who are contemptuous of anything that is old. There are others who, even while possessing a certain sense of the historic and of the beautiful, do not consider it worth while attempting to save historic houses. They consider that these belong to an age which is past and, even when they are sympathetic to that age, which is by no means always the case, refuse to take any interest in preserving the obsolete.

I fear that we must, at the best, make up our minds to lose a great deal which I at least would be glad to see saved. If Sir Ernest Gowers and his Committee were to obtain all that they have recommended, it is to be expected that the number of houses to be "designated" would be strictly limited. If that were so, then a number of the others would probably fall into ruin or be demolished for the sake of the materials, as has already happened in some cases, within the next generation or two. We should then save only a selection. I am not arguing that this would not be worth while; I consider, in fact, that it would be of very great value. At the same time, I lament that many of the great houses seem to be doomed. It is only the great houses that are thus threatened. The owners of small manor houses may constantly be forced to sell by the weight of taxation, but that is a personal loss only. These houses will always find purchasers who will live in them, unless we should become a Communist State. In that case, I suppose that they will be inhabited by the bosses of the collective farms. I sympathise with the owners who have to go, but houses have changed hands in all ages. What I desire above all is to see houses lived in by those long connected with them if possible, but anyhow lived in.

Disraeli said that a nation was a work of art and a work of time. If time polishes and makes precious, it also wears away and turns to decay, so that a proportion of any nation's



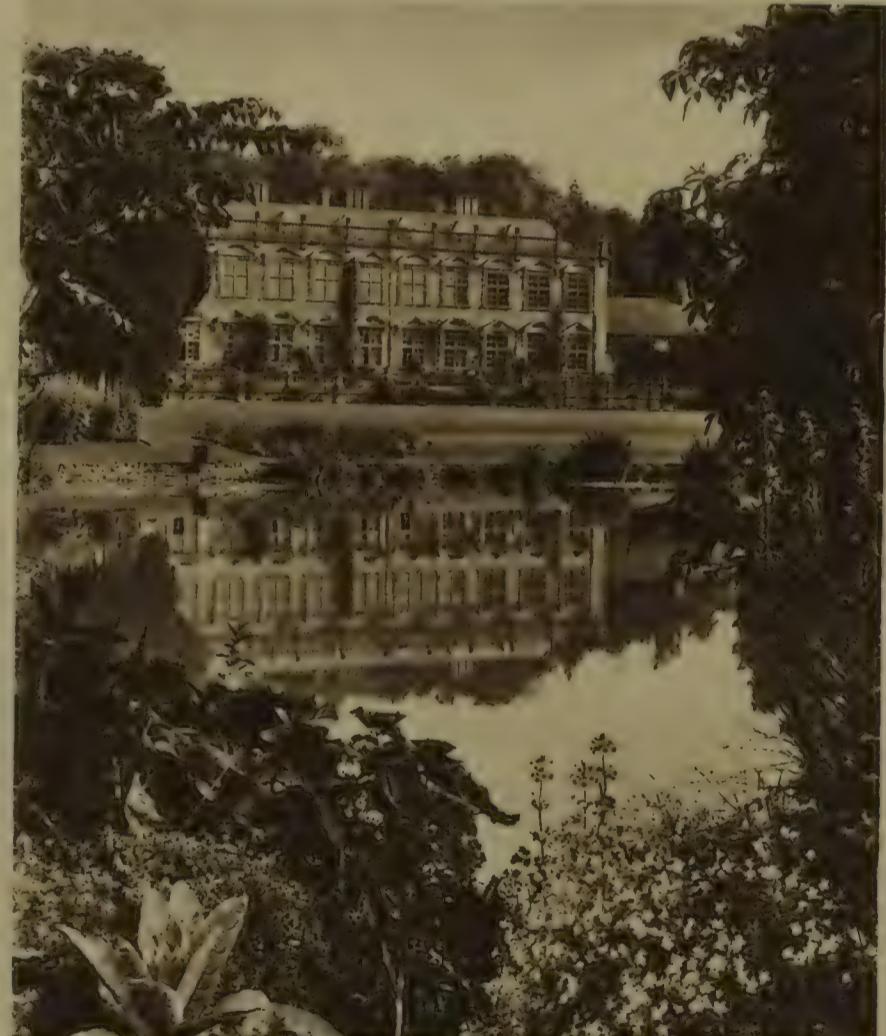
NOW OWNED BY THE NATIONAL TRUST AND LEASED TO A PRIVATE TENANT: BICKLING HALL, NORFOLK—A FINE JACOBEAN HOUSE WHICH IS OPEN TO VISITORS TWICE A WEEK.
"National Buildings Record" copyright. Reproduced from "Houses of Outstanding Historic or Architectural Interest"; by Courtesy of H.M. Stationery Office.

The plight of great houses during and since the Second World War represents a revolution almost entirely novel in its effects. There is nothing new in owners having to abandon such houses, some of which have changed hands half-a-dozen times. The Harcourt death duties compelled a number of owners to seek humbler dwellings. The rise in taxation and costs after the First World War hastened the process. I well remember a heading in *The Times*, "England Changing Hands," repeated on several occasions, and the long list of advertisements of estates for sale. Yet a generation ago the vast majority of those great houses found new owners. It is true that the estates were frequently much diminished, the tenant farmers being in many cases the purchasers of their holdings. Most of the houses remained private residences. The aftermath of the Second World War has been much more ruthless. Most of the houses are no longer private residences. Some stand empty; some have been demolished; some shelter institutions, official or otherwise; in some the proprietors hang on in a wing or a corner, having let the rest if they have been lucky; a few are kept up in something like the former style by drawing heavily on capital, in which case it is improbable that the heirs will live in them; a few more have passed into the custody of the National Trust.

The main reason is simple. The so-called rich man to-day has hardly ever a net income of more than £5000. "Only seventy taxpayers in the country," says the report, "are left with more than £6000 a year; and that sum represents a gross income of about £100,000. Many great houses now need not less than £5000 a year, some as much as £10,000, to maintain them . . . on the minimum (standard) necessary to preserve them and their contents." The report is speaking of honest men. There are certainly a good many who spend more than £6000 a year, but their large cars are frequently paid for in notes and they do not commonly keep up large country houses. In the matter of heirlooms, such as pictures and old silver, the State has acted not ungenerously, though there has seldom been a period in which they have poured faster on to the market, either because they cannot be housed in the smaller dwellings which their owners have acquired, or because, though not themselves subject to tax, they have to be sold to meet succession duties on other property or surtax. A house, however, has not ranked as a heirloom, and it must be admitted that there are considerable difficulties in treating it as such. The recommendations of the Gowers Committee will certainly not be universally accepted, and it remains to be seen how far they will be accepted by the Government which set it up.

The Gowers Committee recommends that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should appoint statutory bodies, one for England and Wales, and one for Scotland, the duty of which should be to designate houses and the contents considered necessary to preserve their unity. Such houses should, when possible, remain private residences and should preferably be lived in by families connected with them. The committee does, in fact, recommend that designated houses should be treated as heirlooms; that is to say, that death duties should be waived on the houses and the listed contents, and what is called "amenity land," so long as they are not sold. It also recommends that entertainments duty should not be levied on fees charged for visiting such houses. At the same time, it considers that, when the public is allowed to visit these houses, relief from income tax and surtax should be given on expenditure approved by the statutory bodies for repairs to and maintenance of the houses and their contents. The committee goes even further in recommending tax concessions to owners of houses not "designated" but occasionally shown to the public.

While the committee was sitting, the Ministry of Education wrote to it to the effect that education in the wider sense would be among the chief losers if no solution were to be found. The use of great houses as schools was, however, not recommended. The committee remarks justly that the extra building which would in most cases be required would generally spoil any house. It also considers that no more independent schools are likely to be founded in present economic circumstances. The Pilgrim Trustees in their evidence declared that use as Government or commercial offices was destructive of the spirit of a historic house. On this the committee replies that it has found fine houses used by industrial firms without detriment, but that "Government departments ruin any fine



IN PRIVATE OCCUPATION: BRYMPTON D'EVERCY, SOMERSET, A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE WITH SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ADDITIONS IN A WONDERFUL SETTING.
"Country Life" copyright. Reproduced from "Houses of Outstanding Historic or Architectural Interest"; by Courtesy of H.M. Stationery Office.

treasures must pass away each year. Here, however, is a case where there has been a bloodless revolution, where the State has taken away the bulk of the income of the rich and used it either on its own bureaucracy or to distribute among the poorer classes. If the effects are left unchecked, the wastage of a century may be packed into a decade. Bold proposals for checking them have been put forward by the Gowers Committee. It is to be hoped that they will be well received. Is it also too much to hope that there may be some remission of taxation in the future, and that if there is, it will not be accompanied by provisions to benefit those with the higher incomes as little as possible?



MR. CHURCHILL'S RENDERING OF A SUBJECT FREQUENTLY DEPICTED BY PAUL CÉZANNE:
"LA MONTAGNE DE SAINTE VICTOIRE," EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1950.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, one of the greatest statesmen whom this country has ever produced, is not only the inspiring war-leader known everywhere as "the Architect of Victory," an orator of unrivalled eloquence and power, and a historian of the highest order, but he is also a painter of considerable gifts and high technical attainment. In his book, "Painting as a Pastime," published in 1948, he relates how he came to take up art seriously and how greatly he profited in his early studies by advice given to him by the late Lady Lavery, the wife of the distinguished artist (one of whose portraits of her was published in our Christmas Number, 1949), herself a painter. He spends as much time as he can in the practice of his art, and everyone is familiar with photographs of the Conservative leader seated at his easel working with such obvious concentration that it is clear that he has been able to turn his mind temporarily from great affairs of State and the shape of world politics, and think of nothing but painting. It will be remembered that in 1948 Mr. Churchill exhibited three works in the Royal Academy, and was made an Hon. Royal Academician Extraordinary. In the following year he showed his full quota of six paintings, and this year he is represented by four. Two of these, it may be remembered, were reproduced in black and white in our issue dated April 29, and we are now able, by Mr. Churchill's permission, to reproduce one of them, "La Montagne de Sainte Victoire: 1948" in colour. This subject was a favourite with Paul Cézanne, the celebrated French Impressionist painter, and indeed, landscapes in which it is featured are included in a number of well-known collections—those of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the Phillips Memorial Gallery at Washington, the Samuel Courtauld Collection, London, and private collections in Paris; and in 1931 the Morosoff Collection in Moscow contained one. All who have seen Mr. Churchill's painting of this celebrated mountain in the south of France will agree that it has also inspired him to produce one of the best of his landscapes.

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1. FINGER-RINGS. 2. CRUCIFORM EAR-RINGS, INLAID WITH GLASS; 3. RAN'S HEAD AT BASE; 5. FROG SCARAB; 4. SEAL RING, SCARAB MISSING; 5. DIADEM OR TIARA, WITH QUATREFOIL FLORETS; 6. CINQUEFOIL FLORETS, FROM ANOTHER DIADEM; 7. TOGGLE-PIN USED FOR FASTENING DRESS; 8. TWO AMETHYST SCARAB RINGS AND THREE AMETHYST SCARABS. 9. GREEN JASPER SCARAB. 10. THREE STARS, PROBABLY A DECORATION OR ORDER. 11. RING SET WITH FIVE BEADS (THREE OF WHICH WERE GLASS) NOW DECAYED AND MISSING; 12. RING OF COPPER, GOLD PLATED.

4000-YEAR-OLD JEWELLERY: GOLDWORK OF THE AGE OF THE SHEPHERD KINGS, GAZA (2000-1500 B.C.), DISCOVERED IN FLINDERS PETRIE'S FINAL EXCAVATION.

The jewellery shown on these pages was found during Sir Flinders' Petrie's last excavation at Gaza. Lady Flinders Petrie (University College, Gower Street, London) is hoping to receive financial aid from the public to further her work on history, philology and travel. Any financial aid from the public is forthcoming. See the following descriptive note: "This jewellery of the Hyksos ages dates from before Abraham. It will shortly be on view in our chief museums. When the early Hyksos, a horde of robbers, were pushed out of Asia, they passed through the same area as the Bedouins gained their present home. They settled on the site of a Canaanite port on the Wady Ghazzeh. Their successors, the Late Hyksos, did the same. Both people used it as a bridge-head for the conquest of Egypt, where the same. Both people used it as a bridge-head for the conquest of Egypt, where

they founded the XVth and XVIIth dynasties respectively. The Hyksos introduced the horse into Palestine and Egypt. It was of Central Asian type, small and short-backed. They appear to have been sacred horses on occasions, as we found many small remains of these invaders were buried with many animals not utilised by other people, and borrowed largely from them. Later on, when established in Egypt, they were noted for their scientific attainment. In the palaces and temples of the upper and lower towns of these Hyksos at Gaza we found a host of utensils, weapons, ornaments, weights and measures of all kinds. It was a tradition in the city. Jewellery was abundant, one ornament in particular being in the form of a ring and some of it lay broken in peddlers' heads and bent up for melting down in mockery.

to use in exchange for some valuable commodity such as spices. Personal ornaments of gold were many. Headbands were plain fillets or a decorated band. Ear-rings were of many patterns, the simplest forms set with glass, now decayed. Scarfs and amethysts, crystal caravans and rings set with diamonds, fingerings, scabs and rings, and brooches were made of faience, silver, and some jewelled bands which were even detachable for substitution. The flower, the pair of leaves (as pointed in Crete, Early Minoen II), the spread falcon, the many forms of heads, sheep, deer, and birds, the Syrena and the Irish gold, and Irish workshopings. It was made by bending flat to a right-angle and

oldering them, then twisting while curving to a circle. The finest craftsmanship is found in the delicate granular work of the falcon (*No. 20*) and especially of the crescent ear-rings (*No. 21*). In the best examples, the minute granules of the gold have been piled in such a way that the crescent is balanced on the point of the gold leaf and held in position without excess of solder. It is a superb technique with which no modern granular work is comparable. The Mother Goddess (*No. 17*), emblem of fertility, seems to be the chief object of religious significance. Several such amulets were discovered. The fly (*No. 26*) may be the emblem of rebirth. The excavations at the Basal of files, whether worn by devotees or by camp-followers, the Egyptian Archaeology



13. FLOWER PENDANT. ⁴ BAUBLE. ¹⁵ TWO-LEAVED PENDANT, LIKE THOSE FOUND IN CRETE (EARLY MINOAN) 16. TORUS RINGS, THE LARGEST BEING OF IRISH GOLD AND WORKMANSHIP. ¹⁷ THREE FIGURES, SHOWING THE GREAT MOTHER GODDESS. ⁸ CHALCEDONY SCARAB. ¹⁹ ROCK CRYSTAL SCARABS. ²⁰ FALCON PENDANT OF GRANULAR WORK. ²¹ CARMELIAN SCARABS. ²² GOLD-MOUNTED STONE SCARAB IN SILVER RING. ²³ THREE CRESCENT EAR-RINGS OF GRANULAR WORK. ²⁴ BALI BEAD AND TWO RIBBED BALI BEADS. ²⁵ CYLINDER BEAD. ²⁶ TWO FLIES, PROBABLY EMBLEMS OF BEE-L-ZEBUD, CANANITE GOD OF FLIES.



A FLIGHTLESS BIRD OF THE RAIL FAMILY WHICH FOR THE PAST FIFTY YEARS WAS THOUGHT TO BE EXTINCT : A FEMALE TAKAHE (*Notornis hochstetteri*) SCUTTLING OFF INTO THE SNOW GRASS WHEN DISTURBED ; SHOWING THE STRONG LEGS AND THE BONY FRONTAL SHIELD. THE TAKAHE WAS RE-DISCOVERED IN NEW ZEALAND'S SOUTHERN FIORDLAND IN NOVEMBER, 1948, AND IS NOW RIGOROUSLY PROTECTED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

THESE natural-colour photographs are the first to be published in this country of the Takahe (*Notornis hochstetteri*) of New Zealand, a flightless bird which for fifty years was thought to be extinct. In November, 1948, a small colony of the birds was discovered by Dr. G. B. Orbell near Lake Te Anau, in New Zealand's southern fiordland. Since then Takahe Valley has been visited by small parties of scientific investigators in co-operation with the Wildlife Branch of the New Zealand Government's Department of Internal Affairs, which has assumed responsibility for the protection of this rare bird, and it was during one of these expeditions that the photographs reproduced here were obtained. The Takahe is a large type of rail and is brilliantly-hued—the beak is not uniformly coloured, for at the base and on the frontal shield it is scarlet, while the rest is wax-pink, deepening at the tip ; the head, neck and underparts are indigo, which becomes peacock-blue on the shoulders, merging into a bright sage-green on the mantle ; the rump and tail are a tawny olive, with a white tuft under the tail ; the feet and legs are rose-coloured, the eyes reddish-brown. The nest is built on the ground and one pair of birds build as many as four or five nests, any one of which they may use after the chick has hatched—no more than two eggs have been found in any nest and rarely do a pair raise more than one chick in a year. The Takahe's strong beak is used for stripping the seeds off the snow grass and low bushes, and for grubbing-out the small clumps of snow grass bent over with the foot.



THE TAKAHE ON ITS NEST : A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE BIRD, SHOWING HOW THE SNOW GRASS IS PULLED OVER TO FORM A LOOSE THATCH, IN THE SHAPE OF A TUNNEL, WHICH KEEPS THE NEST DRY IN ALL WEATHERS.

THE FIRST NATURAL-COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE TAKAHE: AN "EXTINCT" BIRD RE-DISCOVERED.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ALTHOUGH there are about a hundred distinct species of *Linum*, or flax, I have only met personally about a dozen of them. The first member of the family that I ever encountered—I was a schoolboy at the time—was *Linum usitatissimum*, the common or linseed flax. It was brought to me in poultice form, most soothing to acute peritonitis. At about the same period, fondly believing that I liked cricket, I attached great importance to anointing my bat with linseed oil. *Linum usitatissimum* is a pretty, blue-flowered annual, and is grown on a small scale in this country for the sake of its fibre. But there are two snags in the cultivation of flax. The plant exhausts the soil as few other crops do, and the process of

THE FLOWERING FLAXES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

Linum viscosum grows about 18 ins. high, its erect stems clothed with oval, grey-green leaves which are slightly sticky, as the name would imply. The flowers are pink, with a touch of chalky lilac which, to me, is not particularly attractive. I have collected the plant once or twice, and grown it, but I shall never collect it again, and should never greatly mourn its loss.

The finest of all *Linums*, in my opinion, is *L. narbonnense*. Rather too large for any but a really big rock-garden, it makes a magnificent border specimen. It is like a larger, taller *L. perenne*, with stouter stems up to 2 ft. high and much larger flowers, of a rich sapphire blue, in June and July. Starting life with a single stem, it spreads into a whole forest of stems, which spring from below ground, until there is a bush a yard or more across. There are several specimens flowering in my garden at the present moment, most of them in strong loam, and one—the one illustrated—in pure coal ashes. It is a noble ash-heap which I inherited with my present garden. Several yards across each way, and rectangular, it is contained by 4-ft. stone walls, and when I had removed docks, nettles, and all manner of evil that flourished on it, I planted it with Alpine plants, including a small specimen of *Linum narbonnense*. Most of the Alpines did extremely well, some exceptionally well, and the *Linum* is certainly enjoying life. This may seem surprising, for as far as I know the bin contains nothing but coal ashes from the house. A certain quantity of tea-leaves may have gone in with the ashes, and possibly a few such things as squeezed lemons, egg-shells and surplus kittens. And I suspect that if I dug I should come upon a substratum of gin bottles. But nothing more nourishing. A few generations of weeds may have helped to enrich the ashes with their annual crop of dead autumn leaves, but in effect it is nothing but an outsize bin of mellow coal ashes. So excellent is it as a place for growing plants, especially Alpines, that I am going to pull down part of one of the four containing walls and make a sort of valley-way up into the bin, with flat rocks sunk in as stepping-stones. As it is at present it is extremely awkward to garden on—a sort of flat tableland 4 ft. above ground-level and no convenient way of getting on to it.

Many rock-gardeners would like to make a scree garden for those Alpines which grow better in the stony mixture of which a good scree is composed, but are deterred by the cost or difficulty of procuring the necessary stone chips. But judging by my own recent experience with growing Alpines on an ash-heap, I feel pretty sure that excellent results could be obtained by using coal ashes with a small quantity of loam and leaf-mould added to taste. But let me add—the ashes must be well weathered and mellowed by a few months' exposure to air and rain. New ashes can be very poisonous to many plants.



GROWING IN PURE WEATHERED COAL ASHES OVER A SUSPECTED "SUBSTRATUM OF GIN BOTTLES . . . NOTHING MORE NOURISHING": A MAGNIFICENT THREE-YEAR-OLD PLANT OF THE RICH SAPPHIRE-BLUE *LINUM NARBONNENSE* PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE ANCIENT ASH-PIT WHICH MR. ELLIOTT INHERITED IN HIS COTSWOLD GARDEN.

Photograph by James Jamieson.

separating the fibre by steeping or retting the stems in water not only poisons the water but causes it to stink to high heaven. One of the best things I ever heard about Henry VIII. was that he prohibited the retting of flax in any running stream. Since those days we have discovered other methods of poisoning our rivers, and now buy the bulk of our flax and linseed from overseas.

Linum grandiflorum, an annual, is one of the most beautiful of all the flaxes, with its graceful, erect, wiry habit, narrow leaves and big red flowers—a rich, lively crimson with a satin sheen. This shining silken quality of the petals is one of the great beauties of all the flax flowers. *Linum grandiflorum* grows about 18 ins. high. Sown in the open in September, it flowers in early summer, and by successive spring and early summer sowings one can enjoy it till autumn. Seed of this lovely thing is cheap to buy, which is perhaps why one so seldom sees it grown.

Linum perenne, a hardy perennial, is easy to raise from seed and to grow. Its sheaf of erect, wiry stems, 18 ins. or so high, become smothered with myriads of sky-blue blossoms in June and July. A plant in full flower looks almost like a cloud of small blue butterflies. The plant prefers a light loam, and demands full sunshine. Established colonies of it will often seed themselves into the gravel path, and flourish there, better and more beautifully than anywhere else—if you are the sort of gardener who allows that sort of thing.

Linum salsoloides is a dwarf rock-garden species, neat, wiry and 4 or 5 ins. high. The slender stems are furred with heath-like leaves, and the white flowers, big for the size of the plant, are pencilled with radiating lines of pale lilac. I have found it in hot, gravelly soil by the roadside, 10 or 15 miles below Mt. Cenis, and it is abundant at St. Martin Vesubie, in the Maritime Alps. But the best and largest-flowered forms that I ever saw were in Northern Spain, in the mountains inland from Santander. The roots of these "super" forms, however, were impossible to collect and get home alive, and I was too early for ripe seed.

Linum salsoloides prostratum, or *nanum*, is a distinct and most attractive variety. It forms a dense, flat, furry mat of slender stems and minute leaves, lying close upon the ground, from which the delicate white blossoms arise on 2- to 3-in. stems. A choice and somewhat rare treasure for a choice spot on the scree, or in the trough garden.

There are several yellow-flowered *Linums*. The two most commonly seen are *Linum flavum* and *L. arboreum*. Both are attractive, with their rather large, buttercup-yellow blossoms: good plants either for the rock-garden or the wall garden. *L. arboreum*, which is sub-shrubby, reaches a height of 18 ins. or 2 ft. *L. flavum* is a good deal dwarfer. In Chile I saw, but was unable to collect, a magnificent dwarf *Linum* whose rich, golden flowers were almost orange. If it were hardy it would have been a superb garden plant. But as I was unable to settle down and wait several weeks for seeds to ripen, I can only comfort myself with the thought that it was probably tender.



A TREASURE "FOR A CHOICE SPOT ON THE SCREE, OR IN THE TROUGH GARDEN": *LINUM SALSOLOIDES NANUM* WHOSE LARGE WHITE FLOWERS "PENCILLED WITH RADIATING LINES OF PALE LILAC" ARE CARRIED ON "SLENDER STEMS FURRED WITH HEATH-LIKE LEAVES."

Photograph by D. F. Merrell.

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THE CITY THAT CLAUDIUS FOUNDED AND BOADICEA SACKED: CAMULODUNUM—ROMAN COLCHESTER

Colchester this year celebrates its nineteenth centenary, for there, in A.D. 50, the Emperor Claudius planted the first Roman colony in Britain—Camulodunum—and built the Temple of Claudius as the focal point of the civil administration of the new province. Eleven years later the city was sacked and burnt by Boudicea (Boadicea), the Queen of the Iceni. In the absence, we are told, of any town walls, the only strong point, the Temple of Claudius, held out for two days. Our Artist's drawing shows the extent of the city after its rebuilding, with its rectangular street-grid dominated by the Temple and its great square. The town is shown from its south-east angle, and the familiar Roman Colchester looks much as it did in the older days. The walls and gates are all in original Roman town plan. High Street still runs most of the way between Balkerne and East Gates (1 and 6 on key); North Hill links North Gate (4) and Headgate (9); remains of most of the Roman town wall are still in existence, in parts prominently, and the Roman Forum and Temple of Claudius still survive as the Castle (which now contains the Museum) and the Castle grounds. On pages 104 and 105 we show some views of ancient and mediæval Colchester as it appears to-day. On events in Roman-British times after the rebuilding,

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY ALAN SORRELL, WITH THE

THE FIRST ROMAN CAPITAL OF BRITAIN—AS IT WAS ABOUT 60 YEARS AFTER ITS FOUNDATION IN A.D. 50.

KEY TO DRAWING OF ROMAN COLCHESTER



10. Town Walls and Ditch.
11. Assumed site of Theatre.
12. River Colne.
13. A Temple.
14. Assumed site of Baths.
15. Graves.

CO-OPERATION OF MR. M. R. HULL, CURATOR OF THE COLCHESTER AND ESSEX MUSEUM.

history is silent, except that it seems possible that the third British Bishop at the Council of Arles in A.D. 314 was Bishop of Colchester; and it is not perhaps generally known that legend asserts that Helena, daughter of King Coel of Colchester, married Constantius I., and their son, Constantine the Great, was born in Colchester. The town, owing to its exposed position, probably fell early to the Saxon invaders, but of this there is no sure evidence. The chief Roman remains of the period are the Balkerne Gate, which two towers held out for two days, and the town walls and remains of the Temple of Claudius in the Castle. The collection of Roman remains in the Castle Museum is the largest from any one site, and one of the most important, in the country. The celebration of the nineteenth centenary has taken the form of an archaeological congress, with papers on Roman subjects, to which visitors from France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Switzerland have contributed. A special exhibition of outstanding Roman remains from museums in all parts of the country was arranged in the Castle Museum. Excavations are at present in progress under the direction of Mrs. Aylwin Cotton with the aim of establishing the nature of the buildings surrounding the courtyard of the Temple.

"OLD KING COEL'S" CAPITAL CITY: VIEWS OF 1900-YEAR-OLD COLCHESTER.



REMAINS OF FIRST-CENTURY COLCHESTER: PART OF THE ROMAN WALL, WITH, IN THE BACKGROUND, ONE OF THE BASTIONS NEAR THE SOUTH-EAST ANGLE OF THE ROMAN CITY WALL.



A MODEL OF ONE OF THE POSTERN GATES IN COLCHESTER'S ROMAN WALL—IN THE COLCHESTER AND ESSEX MUSEUM. CALLED DUNCAN'S GATE, AFTER THE DOCTOR WHO DISCOVERED IT c. 1850.



A COLCHESTER MILL OF UNUSUAL DESIGN, NOW WITH ITS MILLPOND THE PROPERTY OF THE NATIONAL TRUST: BOURNE MILL, BUILT IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY AND INCORPORATING PART OF THE REMAINS OF ST. JOHN'S ABBEY.



THE OLD SIEGE HOUSE, COLCHESTER, A FAMOUS OLD HOUSE, WHOSE TIMBERS ARE STILL PITTED BY THE BULLETS OF THE ROUNDHEADS UNDER LORD FAIRFAX, WHO BESIEGED COLCHESTER IN THE SUMMER OF 1648.



ONCE THE HOME OF THE AUTHORS OF "TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR": THE MODEST GEORGIAN HOUSE WHERE ANN AND JANE TAYLOR LIVED 1796-1811.



EXCAVATIONS NOW IN PROGRESS IN THE MOUNDS AT THE NORTH OF COLCHESTER CASTLE. THE WALL EXPOSED IN THE TRENCH IS THE NORTH WALL OF THE ROMAN FORUM.



THE CHIEF BASTION OF SEVERAL STILL REMAINING IN THE ANCIENT ROMAN WALL OF COLCHESTER. THE LARGE BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND IS A WATER-TOWER.

Nineteen hundred years ago the Emperor Claudius planted Camulodunum, the first Roman colony in Britain, and made it the capital of the new province which he had added to the Empire. On pages 102-103 we show in a reconstruction drawing what the Roman Colchester of the second century A.D. looked like, and we tell something of its early history. Here and on the facing page we show some of the landmarks of the town, which is now celebrating its nineteenth centenary. The town's official celebrations are reserved for 1951—to coincide with the Festival of Britain—

but this year has been marked with a series of historical and archaeological lectures—some of a learned character, others of a more general nature—by distinguished authorities. A remarkable collection of objects relating to Roman Britain—many on loan from all over the country—was assembled at the Castle Museum; and excavations near the north wall of the Roman Forum are in progress. These arrangements have been organised by a joint committee assembled by the Society of Antiquaries of London under the chairmanship of Dr. R. E. Mortimer Wheeler.

CELEBRATING ITS 19TH CENTENARY: COLCHESTER, ROMAN AND MEDIEVAL.



(ABOVE.) ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE GREAT BENEDICTINE ABBEY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, COLCHESTER: THE GREAT GATEHOUSE. THE ABBEY WAS DEMOLISHED IN THE TIME OF HENRY VIII.

COLCHESTER this year celebrates its 1900th birthday, but dates its birth from its foundation as a Roman colony in A.D. 50 by the Emperor Claudius. It had been a capital city even before this date, being the headquarters of King Cunobeline—Shakespeare's "Cymbeline"—and perhaps one of the origins of that mythical character "Old King Coel." But it is the Roman colony that is still one of the strongest factors of modern Colchester. Not only do great stretches of the Roman walls, with several bastions, still exist, but beneath the Norman Keep of the Castle can be seen the large and substantial remains of the Temple of Claudius, which marked the fact that Roman Colchester (Camulodunum) was the administrative centre of the new province of the Roman Empire. Furthermore, the extent and solidity of this Roman city can be judged by the fact that nearly all the mediæval buildings of Colchester, which are considerable in number and remarkable in nature, are very largely built of re-used Roman building material.

(RIGHT.) COLCHESTER CASTLE, THE LARGEST NORMAN KEEP IN THE COUNTRY. BUILT IN 1080-85 ALMOST ENTIRELY OF RE-USED ROMAN MATERIAL—WITH THE REMAINS OF THE TEMPLE OF CLAUDIUS BENEATH IT.



INCORPORATING MUCH RE-USED ROMAN MATERIAL: ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH. THE TOWER IS RUINOUS AND THE CHURCH WAS MUCH DAMAGED DURING THE TOWN'S SIEGE IN 1648.



THE RUINS OF ST. BOTOLPH'S PRIORY, COLCHESTER, SHOWING THE NAVE, LOOKING WEST. THE PRIORY WAS FOUNDED IN 1109 AND BUILT LARGELY OF RE-USED ROMAN MATERIALS.



THE WEST FRONT OF ST. BOTOLPH'S PRIORY—SEE PICTURE, LEFT, FOR INTERIOR. THIS PRIORY CHURCH WAS MUCH DAMAGED IN THE SIEGE OF 1648 AND ITS USE DISCONTINUED.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE LIZARD'S TAIL.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

too, have natural ligatures which come into action to prevent a haemorrhage.

It is usually assumed that autotomy is a protective device. Some writers assume that it is a means whereby the lizard, when seized by the tail, can sacrifice this part for the safety of the whole. Others that, the tail being shed, its movements attract the attention of the predator, say a kestrel, and hold its attention while the lizard makes good its escape.

To decide which of these two views is correct, or even whether either of them is, would require a great deal more statistical data than we possess. Arguing from first principles, however, the first seems unlikely. It may be that occasionally a lizard is seized by the tail, but most predatory animals, whether bird or beast, do not normally seize their prey by the tail. As to the second, to judge from my own experience, it would seem very likely

cast a tail were such a marvellous protective device, one would expect the resultant immunity from attack to cause a high increase in the lizard populations.

The weakness at the breaking-plane can be demonstrated with dead lizards, for once *rigor mortis* has set in the tail comes away very readily. On the other hand, it may be questioned whether the loss of the tail is the result of mechanical pressure alone. It has been suggested that "in ordinary movement of the tail, the tension produced by the muscular contractions is equally distributed throughout all the segments. However, when one part of the tail is fixed, as occurs when it is caught by a bird, the undue strain produced by the movement of the rest of the tail in front of the fixed part results in fracture." In other words, with $\frac{1}{2}$ plus a minute fraction, the tail comes off. It must be a very ticklish business for an animal to preserve just the right pressure in the hurly-burly of life. My Dartmoor lizard shed its tail while the



"ONCE THE TAIL HAS BEEN SHED, A NEW ONE IS REGENERATED, BUT THE NEW PART IS ONLY A SHADOW OF ITS FORMER SELF AND . . . CANNOT BE READILY SHED": A SERIES OF VIVIPAROUS LIZARDS, SHOWING REGENERATION OF THE TAIL.

Our photographs show (1) a lizard with tail whole and undamaged; (2) the regenerated part, including the extreme tip only; (3 and 4) two specimens where the break was half-way along the tail; (5) a specimen where the break was near the base of the tail.

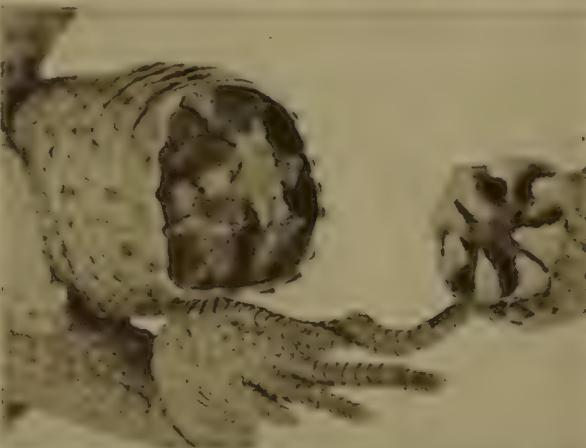
way in which, almost against my will, my attention was held by the bouncing tail. It fascinated me, so much so that even now I seem to be able to follow every detail of its movements with the mind's eye as well as I saw it on that spring day. It fascinated me so that I determined, on my return to London, to find out what was known about this phenomenon, called autotomy.

Autotomy signifies the ability to shed "voluntarily" a member of the body. It is a well-known phenomenon, but not a widespread one. Certain crabs readily throw off their legs. So do certain spiders. Lizards cast their tails. Curiously enough, although the lizard's ability to cast its tail has been known for a long time—Aristotle probably knew of it, and doubtless others before him—it does not seem to have been closely investigated until recent years. There have been scattered references to it in the literature, but the anatomy has not been known until C. M. Pratt published an account of it in the "Journal of Anatomy" for 1946.

It is difficult to say which is the more interesting aspect of this subject, the anatomy or the behaviour. The former is factual; the latter largely conjectural. So perhaps we may begin with the factual account of the anatomy. At a certain point in the tail of the lizard, the point varying with the species, or even with the individual, there is a breaking-plane. At such a point, the vertebra is split, nearly across. Opposite this split in the bone, the spinal cord is constricted, so that at this point it has about half the normal diameter. At the surface, the scales are arranged in regular rings, so that there is a clear space between the rings. The muscles are not in bands but in segments, each with eight teeth which engage with the teeth of the next segment, much as two cogs engage. The blood-vessels at these points also bear constrictions. Thus, working from the centre of the tail outwards, along a breaking-plane, the spinal cord is thin, the vertebra already split, the muscles ready to be pulled apart, the skin thin and not strengthened with scales. All is, therefore, prepared for a complete break, with the minimum of injury or shock to the owner of the tail. The blood-vessels,

that the twisting, turning tail would hold the attention, and that the action affords a close parallel with that used by so many birds, of feigning injury in order to distract attention from their nests.

Arguing from these slender premises, it is possible to let the imagination run riot and to assert, as a



SHOWING THE MUSCLES THAT DOVETAIL ACROSS THE BREAKING-PLANE: THE STUMP OF A LIZARD'S TAIL WITH, ON THE RIGHT, THE TAIL THAT WAS CAST.
Photographs by Peter J. Green, Bromley.

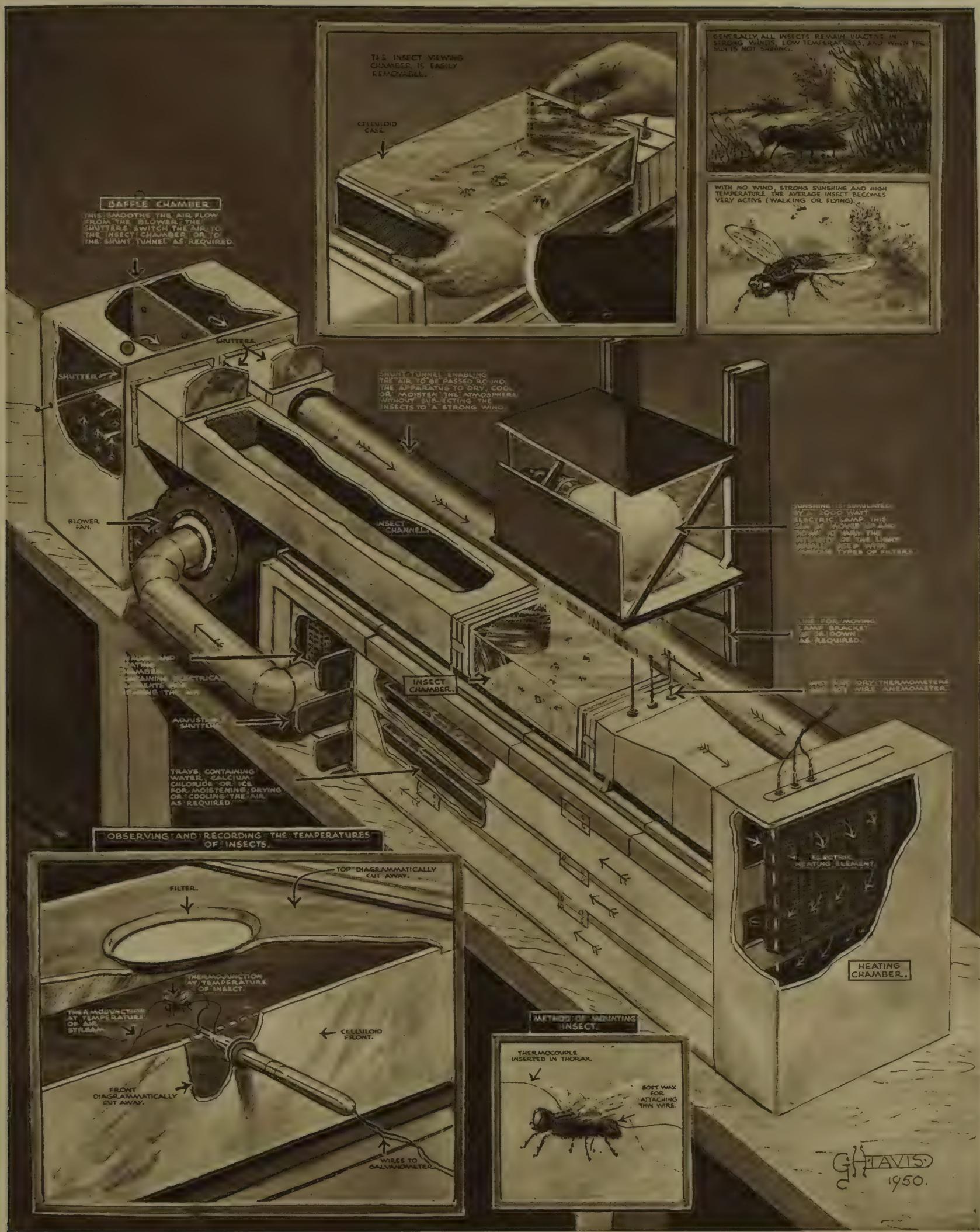
consequence, that the lizard's tail is a marvellous piece of protective mechanism. That, anatomically, we have the extraordinary coincidence of structural weaknesses producing the breaking-plane; and that, having this, a lizard can shed the tail if it is gripped and so escape, or shed the tail to distract attention while the rest of the body escapes. But is this really the truth? Many predators catch lizards, but as a rule, when so caught, the lizard seems to have its tail intact. Or at least, that is my impression, from the scanty observations available. Again, there are those who collect lizards for study; but very few of the lizards so caught are without tails. Moreover, if the ability to

greater part of it was hanging from my hand. If any pressure was exerted, it was by the part in front of the breaking-point, where it rested against my palm. It seems likely to be due to a muscular contraction resulting from a nervous reflex. In other words, a quasi-voluntary act.

Another defect in the theory that it has a defensive function lies in the inability to repeat the trick. Once the tail has been shed, a new one is regenerated, but the new part is only a shadow of its former self, a mere stump, and one that cannot be readily shed. Moreover, tame lizards can be handled without using this autotomy, once they are used to the contact of the human hand. The plain fact is that we know very little about this extremely commonplace phenomenon; and, as usual, it is easy enough to jump to conclusions, obvious conclusions, which are probably quite wrong.

We have here an illustration of the subtle conflict between these two fields of natural-history study, the academic, mainly anatomical, and largely the field held by the professional zoologist, and natural history pure, mainly observational field work and largely left to the amateur. On the whole, the two fields are sharply segregated, though the true "amateur," whether professional or spare-time worker, endeavours to combine the two. There is in it, also, an example of the commonplace event being almost entirely neglected, perhaps because it is commonplace and likely to yield unspectacular results. The chief difficulty is, of course, that in this age of specialisation it is becoming increasingly difficult to take a wide view on every problem.

Paradoxically, there never was a time when so much interesting information from purely laboratory study and from field observation was waiting to be correlated. Doubtless, to take our present subject as a sample, if all the observations made and all small details of information possessed by one person and another could be brought together and analysed, a fairly complete account of the lizard's tail could be obtained. It is perhaps impossible to-day to indulge in the sort of team-work for which Darwin in his well-known books sets the pattern. But clearly it is desirable.



THE WIND-TUNNEL AS FIELD NATURALIST: STUDYING PROBLEMS OF INSECT FLIGHT IN THE LABORATORY.

The wind-tunnel is a piece of scientific apparatus with which our readers are familiar in its application to the problems of aeronautical research. Here we illustrate the method whereby the wind-tunnel can be made to do the work of the field naturalist over a very much shorter period of time. For instance, in a wind-tunnel insects can be subjected to all the weather conditions they meet in the open air, and their reaction to the various factors can be observed. In the field, most factors change together; the sun comes out, the temperature rises and the wind drops. We can see that insects become more active under these conditions, but we cannot tell which factor or factors are the most important. In the wind-tunnel, however, each factor can be changed in turn while the others remain unaltered. To obtain the information, the insects (some twenty or thirty of the same species) are put into a celluloid chamber closed at the ends with wire gauze. This container is fitted into the apparatus and the air passes through it. Temperature, humidity, wind-speed and radiant heat and light are controlled, and the insects can be seen to rest, walk about or fly according to their habits under these particular conditions. The reaction to the weather conditions varies with the insect, but it is generally true to say

that a strong wind, no sunshine and a low temperature produce no activity, while no wind, strong sunshine and a high temperature produce great activity. Intermediate conditions cause an intermediate degree of activity. Properly used it is hoped that such information obtained with the wind-tunnel can be of use to the agricultural and medical entomologist, because the information on activity and flight conditions can be obtained in a short space of time, whereas field observation is a laborious and time-consuming method. However, the conditions in the chamber can never be truly representative of those in the field, because the latter are always changing. In order to elucidate still further the reactions of the insects to various factors, it is necessary to mount an individual insect by the end of the abdomen on a short length of fine wire by means of soft wax. The wax is melted and sticks the insect firmly to the wire without harming it. Mounted in this way, the single insect is watched in another specially made chamber, in which it goes through the movements of flight although fastened to a support, and one can measure with a thermocouple its rise of temperature due to its own activity and the heat of the "sun," its duration of flight, its rate of wing-beat, etc., all under approximately natural conditions.



IN a talk about the varied contents of the great house of Luton Hoo last week I drew attention to some of the more serious of the pictures and works of art which it contains, and finally referred to the fact that the collection catered for all tastes by the inclusion of a room devoted to the glorious memory of *Brown Jack*. Midway between the austere beauty of Byzantine ivories and Spanish primitives and the excitements of the racecourse is a vast province where the mezzo-brow can wander at leisure. Two rooms on the ground floor will especially delight him. Two sets of chairs, for example, the first of the bergère type, with slight cabriole legs, the second in that rectangular style which is generally referred to as Louis XVI., and each covered in the most delicate Beauvais tapestry, illustrating La Fontaine's fables, after designs by Oudry. An erudite woman of my acquaintance asks me to note that when figures appear on chair-coverings they are on the backs and not on the seat-covers: it was considered impolite to sit on people—a pretty refinement which goes to prove (if, indeed, proof were required) that exquisite



ONE OF THE MANY DELIGHTFUL PIECES IN THE LADY LUDLOW COLLECTION OF ENGLISH PORCELAIN AT LUTON HOO: A ROCKINGHAM CAT, c. 1820.

The collection of English porcelain formed by the late Lady Ludlow occupies three rooms at Luton Hoo, and is arranged with great ingenuity. It includes this Rockingham cat and kittens, one of a pair—the other being a dog with puppies.

good manners were the mark of the period. In sober truth, these two sets of chairs, a few pieces of Sèvres porcelain near them and some eighteenth-century Gobelins tapestry on the walls present an unforgettable picture. The dining-room near by, with the table laid for dinner, has evoked some adverse criticisms with which I find myself in entire disagreement. It has been suggested that so princely a room, with its silver and glass and silver-gilt dish by Pierre Harache (1695), and splendid chinoiserie tapestries, is too luxurious for a private individual. Personally, I should have no qualms if I found myself dining at such a table and amid such surroundings, and I can well imagine the pleasure Sir Julius must have felt when he gave his first dinner-party amid such well-mannered magnificence. Perhaps he was fortunate in living at a time when the spending of money was not regarded as a nearly criminal offence.

Upstairs the collection of English porcelain formed by the late Lady Ludlow over a period of fifty years occupies three rooms and is arranged with great ingenuity. Bow, Chelsea, Worcester, Derby, Plymouth, Bristol, Nantgarw, Swansea—all the eighteenth-century factories are represented, and by examples in mint condition. One can do no more than notice a very few—for example, a Worcester dish with a pale primrose-yellow ground, the rare Worcester figures of a Gardener and his Wife, the Goat and Bee Milk-jug which bears the earliest-known Chelsea mark, the triangle with the name Chelsea and the date 1745 incised in the plate, and the lively Chelsea

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS LUTON HOO.—II.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Virgin and Child (Red Anchor Mark, c. 1755). (The Goat and Bee jug is, aesthetically, a horrible affair, but of considerable importance in the history of the craft.)

Figures from the Bow factory, more naïve and less accomplished, but with their own special vigour,



IN BLACK LACQUER DECORATED WITH GOLD: A WRITING-CABINET DESCRIBED IN THE LUTON HOO CATALOGUE AS ENGLISH.

Frank Davis this week contributes a second article on the Wernher Collection at Luton Hoo. He admires the writing-cabinet in black lacquer with gold decoration which we illustrate, but ventures to suggest that, though it is described in the catalogue as English, it may have been made in Holland.

occupy four cases, while the special charm of the small Rockingham animals extends into the nineteenth century something of the carefree accomplishment of the eighteenth. A balcony has been fitted up in three sections to show some choice examples of English furniture which are to be changed from time to time. When I was there it contained, among

other things, a very rare late seventeenth-century stool in walnut and one of the finest walnut corner-chairs in the country, each leg carved and ending in claw-and-ball feet. There was also an interesting small Adam cabinet in mahogany with ormolu enrichments, containing a series of small drawers and pigeon-holes, the latter marked with Battersea enamel labels. In one or two instances, visitors will be able to amuse themselves by querying the descriptions—for example, a nice writing-cabinet in black lacquer decorated with gold is described as English. I venture to suggest that this may have been made in Holland.

Apart from the domestic silver on the ground floor—and I forgot to mention a wonderful Dressing Set made in London between 1698 and 1722 by David Willaume—the silver is mostly German from the late fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries, and included in this section are a few examples of pewter, gilt, bronzes and damascened iron. The earliest Nuremberg piece is a double standing cup of about 1500—that is, two cups on twisted stems swelling upwards to the gadrooned bowls, one of which fits into the other when it is turned upside down. It is a familiar type, often repeated in later years. A noble cup and cover in crystal and silver-gilt of about the year 1560 bears the Cologne mark and is a superlative example of the marriage of different materials. The contrast between the rich elegance of this and similar pieces and the over-decorated styles which obsessed German and other craftsmen in the seventeenth century is most marked. Not to be overlooked are two sixteenth-century table clocks, one with three dials, the other with seven, showing the hour, the day, the month, the sign of the Zodiac, and the rising and setting of the sun. Another, in the form of a drum, with several hands, shows on its single horizontal face the hour, the day, the movement of sun and moon, the age of



AN EXAMPLE OF LIVELY AND WELL-OBSERVED MODELLING: A ROCKINGHAM POODLE, 1820-42.

The liveliness of this poodle modelled in a characteristic canine attitude is outstanding. It is one of the many choice pieces in the splendid Lady Ludlow collection of European porcelain at Luton Hoo.

the moon, and the position of the stars—a beautiful piece of mechanism. Three French watches must also be mentioned—one a little oval watch with a folding sundial and compass inside the lid so that its accuracy could be checked by the sun. A second is in the shape of a tulip, through whose crystal petals the dial and movement can be seen; and the third is made as a pendant cross, with faceted crystal lids.

There is no Chinese porcelain or pottery, which is not surprising in view of the bias of the collection as a whole towards the art of Europe, but it is a little strange that among a fine series of maiolica dishes there are no examples of the beautiful Hispano-Moresque ware from which the Italian potters originally derived their technique—but perhaps this omission is accounted for by its Near Eastern character. The greatest possible pains have been taken in the arrangement of all these various objects so that the eye is distracted as little as possible and the interest is quickened by variety; at the same time, the main architectural features of the interior (which are not Robert Adam but the dry eclecticism in favour in France in the early years of this century) are allowed to play their part in providing a suitable framework. I am pretty sure that those who have so far found time to pay Luton Hoo a visit will echo the words of Dr. Johnson, who was there in 1731—that is, before Lord Bute bought the property from the Napier family in 1762 and before it assumed its present form. He wrote: "This is one of the places I do not regret having come to see. It is a very stately place indeed. In the house magnificence is not sacrificed to convenience, nor convenience to magnificence."



BEARING THE RED ANCHOR MARK, c. 1755: A CHELSEA VIRGIN AND CHILD FROM THE LADY LUDLOW COLLECTION. The Chelsea Madonna and Child which we illustrate is a little masterpiece. The Child stands poised on the globe which is marked with outlines of the continents as then known.

Photographs on this page by A. Poklewski-Kozieł.

INCLUDING AN UNRECORDED REMBRANDT:
THE CLINTON COLLECTION, DUE FOR SALE.

"A VIEW OF ARNHEM SEEN ACROSS THE BROAD RIVER"; BY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-1666).
(Signed with monogram and dated 1642. On panel. 15½ by 18½ ins.)



"EXTENSIVE LANDSCAPE, A VILLAGE AND A CASTLE TO THE LEFT, FIGURES AND CARTS, FOREGROUND";
BY JAN BRUEGHEL (1568-1625). (On panel. 17 by 27½ ins.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE, SHEEP AND OTHER FIGURES; A GREAT CASTLE ON A HILL
TO THE RIGHT"; BY S. J. VAN RUYSDAEL (d. 1670).
(On panel, signed and dated 1659. 21½ by 28 ins.)

Interesting paintings, the property of Lord Clinton, come up for sale at Sotheby's on July 19. With one or two exceptions, the collection was formed in the eighteenth century, chiefly by the first Lord Rolle (second creation). In spite of their importance, the pictures have remained unknown, and appear only to have left Bicton or Hearnton Satchville (home of the Rolles, with whom the Clintons are connected) on one occasion. In 1868 some of the less important were exhibited in Leeds. The majority are in



"THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT"; BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1607-1669).
(Signed and indistinctly dated 163(8?) on panel. 20½ by 16½ ins. Previously unrecorded.)



"NAPOLEON BONAPARTE ON BOARD H.M.S. BELLEROPHON" IN PLYMOUTH SOUND,
AUGUST, 1815; BY SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, P.R.A. (1793-1865). (10½ by 7½ ins.)

frames made for them in the eighteenth century, and that of the van Goyen we illustrate was made for it in Holland when it was painted. The previously unrecorded Rembrandt is the chief rarity. The well-known Eastlake painting of Napoleon (mezzotint by Charles Turner) was purchased from the Plymouth library in 1824. It is sold with documents and contemporary notes by officers on Napoleon's staff certifying it to be a true likeness and countersigned by the Captain of *Bellerophon*.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



CAPTAIN OF THE OXFORD XI. WHO MET CAMBRIDGE AT LORD'S: DONALD CARR (REPTON AND WORCESTER).



CAPTAIN OF THE CAMBRIDGE XI. WHO MET OXFORD AT LORD'S: G. HUBERT DOGGART (WINCHESTER AND KING'S).



AT THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, WITH THE PRESIDENT, SIR CECIL WAKELEY.

H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, an Honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, attended a dinner at the College in Lincoln's Inn on June 27, in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the College. The President, Sir Cecil Wakeley, presided. In the 150th year of the College, the Queen was elected to an honorary Fellowship as the first event in the celebrations.



TO CAPTAIN THE ETON XI. IN THEIR MATCH AGAINST HARROW AT LORD'S ON JULY 14-15: JOHN S. GUTHRIE.



TO CAPTAIN THE HARROW XI. IN THEIR MATCH AGAINST ETON AT LORD'S ON JULY 14-15: ROBERT ALAN JACQUES.



WINNER OF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: A. D. LOCKE, HOLDING THE TROPHY.

A. D. Locke won the Open Golf Championship at Troon on July 7 with a total of 279, four strokes better than the previous best on record for this championship. It was A. D. Locke's second consecutive Open Championship victory. Second in the Championship was R. de Vicenzo, of Argentina.



DEFEATED AFTER HIS CABINET HAD BEEN IN OFFICE FOR FORTY-EIGHT HOURS: M. HENRI QUEUILLE.

M. Queuille, the French Radical Prime Minister, handed his Cabinet's resignation to President Auriol on July 4, after being defeated by 334 votes to 221. His Cabinet had been in office only forty-eight hours, and the hostile Socialist vote was the decisive factor in their defeat. M. Bidault's Government was defeated on a vote of confidence on June 24.



THE DEATH OF AN EGYPTIAN ELDER STATESMAN: THE LATE ISMAIL SIDKY PASHA.

Ismail Sidky Pasha, who was Egyptian Prime Minister from 1930 to 1933, and from February to December, 1946, died in Paris on July 9, aged seventy-five. Soon after his return to power in 1936, he became involved in the protracted negotiations in Egypt for a revision of the 1936 Treaty.



SHOT DEAD AFTER SEVEN YEARS: SALVATORE GIULIANO, THE NOTORIOUS SICILIAN BANDIT.

Salvatore Giuliano, the notorious Sicilian bandit, who for seven years defied the efforts of thousands of police to capture him, was run to ground and shot dead on July 5 at Castelvetrano, a small town in south-west Sicily, by a patrol of the special "force for the repression of banditry," created about a year ago. Altogether he is said to have killed 105 policemen and several civilians.



ADMIRAL SIR MOSTYN FIELD.

Died on July 3, aged ninety-five. From 1904 to 1909 he was hydrographer of the Navy; he then served as Admiralty Representative on the Port Authority of London from 1909 to 1925. He was Acting Conservator of the River Mersey, 1910-30; and an Assessor for Appeals in the House of Lords.



MR. W. T. GILL.

Elected President of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors for the year 1950-51. He joined Rolls-Royce, Ltd., in 1939 as Accountant at their Glasgow factory. In 1945 he was appointed Commercial Manager, and joined the Board in 1946 as Commercial and Financial Director.



H.H. THE SULTAN OF PAHANG.

Left England recently after arriving from Malaya in April to spend a holiday here. While he was here he was received in audience by the King and met the Secretary of State. He also attended all the major sporting events, the Trooping the Colour and the Royal Tournament.



MAJOR-GENERAL E. H. O'DONNELL.

Died on July 4, aged fifty-seven. He had been a Master of the Supreme Court (King's Bench Division) since 1946. During World War II, he served in the Adjutant-General's Department, being Brigadier in Charge of Co-ordination from 1942 to 1945, when he was appointed Director of Public Relations.



A DISTINGUISHED COMMANDER IN WORLD WAR I: FIELD MARSHAL LORD CHETWODE, O.M.

Died on July 6, aged eighty. He was one of the most distinguished soldiers of his generation, and a natural leader, who proved himself one of the successful commanders of World War I. He succeeded his father as seventh baronet in 1905; and fought throughout the South African War, being besieged at Ladysmith. From 1930 to 1935 he was C.-in-C. India.

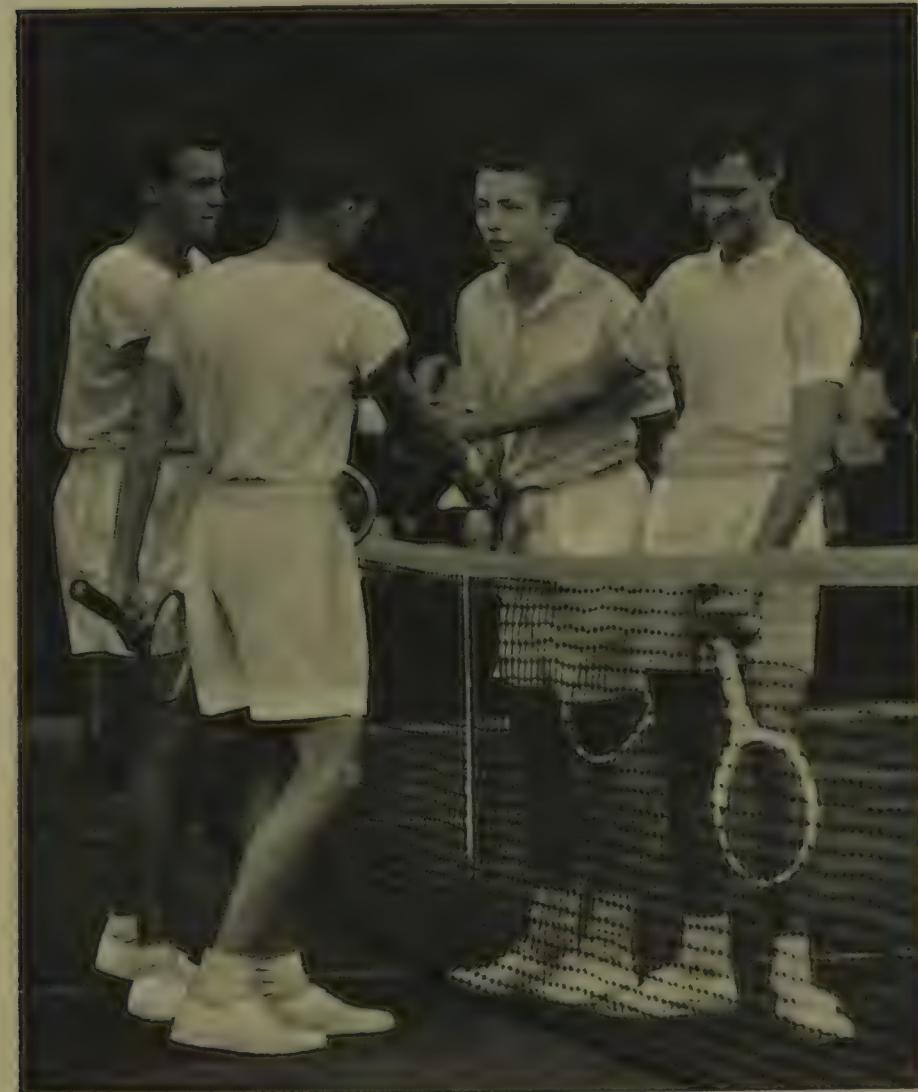
THE END OF THE GREAT WIMBLEDON BATTLE: SOME OF THE FINALISTS.



WINNING THROUGH TO THE FINALS: MRS. W. DU PONT (RIGHT) BEING CONGRATULATED BY MRS. PAT TODD, WHOM SHE HAD JUST DEFEATED IN THE SEMI-FINALS.



WINNER OF THE SINGLES' TITLE FOR THE THIRD YEAR RUNNING: MISS LOUISE BROUGH (LEFT) WITH MISS D. HART, WHOM SHE HAD JUST DEFEATED IN THE SEMI-FINALS.



THE END OF A RECORD FOUR-HOUR WIMBLEDON BATTLE OF NINETY-FOUR GAMES: THE VICTORS BEING CONGRATULATED. (L. TO R.) K. MCGREGOR, F. SEDGMAN, T. TRABERT AND B. PATTY. THE LATTER PAIR DEFEATED F. SEDGMAN AND K. MCGREGOR 6-4, 31-29, 7-9, 6-2.

Wimbledon ended on July 8 in a blaze of summer sunshine, and in the presence of H.M. Queen Mary, who received a particularly affectionate greeting from the large crowd, Miss Louise Brough of America defeated her compatriot Mrs. Du Pont by 6-1, 3-6, 6-1, in the finals, and thus won the singles' title for the third year running. Miss Brough then went on to win the doubles with her singles' opponent, and the mixed doubles with E. W. Sturgess, thus winning all three of the 1950 titles. The finals of the men's singles took place on July 7, and resulted in yet another victory for America when B. Patty defeated F. A. Sedgman, the Australian champion, by 6-1, 8-10, 6-2, 6-3. The doubles was an all-Australian affair,



WALKING ON TO THE CENTRE COURT FOR THEIR SEMI-FINAL MATCH: J. DROBNEY (EGYPT) AND FRANK SEDGMAN (RIGHT; AUSTRALIA), WHO WON AND WAS LATER DEFEATED BY B. PATTY IN THE FINALS.

J. E. Bromwich and A. K. Quist beating G. E. Brown and O. W. Sidwell by 7-5, 3-6, 6-3, 3-6, 6-2. It was some consolation that Britain did so well in the lesser events. G. L. Paish won the final of the All England Plate; Miss K. Tuckey defeated Miss B. Rosenquest, of America, in the final of the women's section; and J. A. T. Horn defeated K. Mabarch, of Egypt, by 6-0, 6-2, in the final of the Junior Tournament. One of the matches of the second Wimbledon week must be mentioned—for on the day before their finals' match, both Sedgman and Patty took part in a match in the Men's Doubles which set up two Wimbledon records—for the longest set and the longest match, during which they played ninety-four games.



The World of the Theatre.

WITH THE ALL BLACKS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE theme is villainy. I am sorry not to be more uplifting, but it is hard to escape from the subject, with Petty Officer Herbert snarling at the Apollo, Tartuffe leering from the seventeenth century at Hammersmith, and, at the Vaudeville, Mr. Jack Manningham (whose name is not Manningham at all, but no matter) ready to spring like an angry puma across a sitting-room in Victorian Pimlico. Moreover, I have just returned from a Sunday-night performance of that rarity, "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," in which Antiochus, Thaliard, Leonine and Dionyza, not to mention the murkier residents of Mitylene, form a rich, scoundrelly clot.

Let us work backwards from the present day. Petty Officer Herbert, now the terror of the Apollo Theatre, appears in "Seagulls Over Sorrento." The scene is an island lump in the Orkneys where a detachment of naval volunteers is on a dangerous experimental mission. Herbert is in charge of the ratings: his attitude to them is that of a thoroughly small-minded, jealous man who realises that, if the experiment succeeds, he can have nothing of the credit. So he devotes himself to making life unbearable for the death-or-glory boys on the mess-deck. We know that, without question, he will get into the right sort of hot water at the end. Licking our lips, we wait for the water to come to the boil. Alas, the final scalding happens off-stage. Hugh Hastings, the author of this astute mixture of comedy and melodrama, has surely blundered here.

William Hartnell, who plays Herbert, manages to keep unremittingly sour until the end. Neither he nor the author has any pity for the man. Herbert is all-black. Although he would not drop into blank verse about it, he is "determined to prove a villain"; like a more regal double-demon, he hates "the idle pleasures of these days." The rest of the cast is as friendly as Herbert is fierce, particularly Ronald Shiner, who now wears naval uniform instead of that of the R.A.F., and who shows that there is a pleasant affinity between Aircraftman Porter of "Worm's Eye View" and A.B. Badger of the Scottish island that the mess-deck insists upon calling Sorrento. Why? Well, why not?

Badger has a quick, barrow-boy gift of repartee and a capacity for what is called, I believe, Dumb Insolence. He understands, none better, how to make the party go; there will be no stronger reply to Herbert. Mr. Shiner shows here that he is by no means just a rat-a-tat comedian. He has at one point to read a letter from a dead man: among the most awkward tasks a dramatist can set an actor, especially an actor who, until then, has been able to start a laugh with every line, in the pass-the-mustard manner of the professional comic. Ronald Shiner accepts the challenge confidently. He reads the letter with carefully-judged restraint and without the slight but embarrassing crackle in the voice that so many unpractised actors adopt when they are about to do something very grave. That crack is always a signal of distress; Mr. Shiner scorns its use. Some of the other more sentimental passages are contrived less expertly—not by the actors, but by the author, who finds that serious reminiscence comes to him less naturally than humour. Still, taken generally, it is an excellent piece, a naval engagement that—

grinding teeth and turning widows out of doors. He ends, most properly, as a corpse. "Black-Ey'd Susan," with songs by Dibdin and others, might well be revived nearer to the West End than Camden Town: it is a far better entertainment than "Lady Audley's Secret," so far the Bedford's only transference. If it ever comes West, Bill Shine should certainly appear again as Honest William. There were moments at the Bedford when he spoke with the high ring of "Q's" Tom Taffrail. Nobody, I hope, has forgotten how in "Love Between Decks" (in the theatre scene of "The Mayor of Troy") Tom Taffrail cries: "Lieutenant Vandeloer, you have upraised your hand against A Woman; you have struck her A Blow. In your teeth I defy you." That is undeniably the manner.



A SAILOR WITH "A CAPACITY FOR DUMB INSOLENCE": A.B. BADGER (RONALD SHINER—LEFT) IN A SCENE FROM HUGH HASTINGS' PLAY ABOUT NAVAL LIFE "SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO" AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

Summing up his impressions of "Seagulls Over Sorrento," Mr. Trewin writes: "Taken generally, it is an excellent piece, a naval engagement that—so we gather—the Senior Service, quick as a rule to spot any flaw in treatment, has approved." Our photograph, which shows a scene from the play, the action of which takes place "on an island lump in the Orkneys," shows (l. to r.) Badger (Ronald Shiner); Lofty (Bernard Lee); Haggis (John Gregson); Sprog (Nigel Stock); Lieut. Comdr. Redmond (Peter Gray); Sub-Lieut. Granger (Robert Desmond) and Petty Officer Herbert (William Hartnell).

Honest William has taken us out of our running order. The next All-Black should have been Mr. Manningham, of "Gaslight." Patrick Hamilton, no friend of the mechanical shiver-play, has written in "Rope" and the later "Gaslight" two of the most cunning psychological thrillers of the modern theatre. "Gaslight," the better, presents the peculiarly horrible Mr. Manningham, who has only two tasks: to find the Barlow Rubies for which he seems to have been searching through twenty years, and to drive his wife—who is not his wife—out of her mind. It may sound a gloomy evening at the play, but it exhilarates because Hamilton, more (I think) than any other practising writer, has the gift of establishing and holding suspense. We realise that, at the last, Retribution (as Gilbert's Angela puts it nicely) will swoop down like a poised hawk on the Wrong-Doer. This is a particularly fine swoop: everyone at the Vaudeville will be delighted when Robert Newton, the Manningham, is dragged, foaming, from the stage. The actor has a glittering eye and a satin-smooth menace. No one could chill us more surely in the opening scene.

So to the seventeenth century and to Molière's "Tartuffe" at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Miles Malleson, as we expected after hearing and seeing his "Miser," has pushed aside the usual double-starched translation and made his own, prefaced by a prologue shaped from "L'Impromptu de Versailles." His verbal craft is continuous; but I doubt whether George Coulouris, who plays the part in the visiting Bristol Old Vic company, is dominating enough for Tartuffe. He should be a monstrous slug. Mr. Coulouris, always a steady actor, does not fill the stage until the last scene when suddenly he strikes us to horror. Tartuffe is also an All-Black, one who would have been more than a match for any of the various villains in our last play, "Pericles." This week I cannot end without gratitude to John Harrison (a most imaginative producer) and to Paul Scofield, Daphne Slater, Beatrix Lehmann, and the rest, who made so spirited a night of the Levantine adventure at the Rudolf Steiner Hall. Daphne Slater, as both Thaisa and Marina, mother and daughter, is a young actress of enchantment. This article has been All-Black. Miss Slater should lead the All-Whites.



TO CELEBRATE ITS 300TH PERFORMANCE AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE ON JULY 24: "A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE"—A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS, SHOWING BETTY ANN DAVIES (LEFT) IN THE LEADING RÔLE OF BLENCH DU BOIS WHICH SHE HAS TAKEN OVER FROM VIVIEN LEIGH. FRANCES HYLAND (RIGHT) PLAYS BLENCH'S SISTER, THE PART FORMERLY TAKEN BY RENÉE ASHERSON.

so we gather—the Senior Service, quick as a rule to spot any flaw in treatment, has approved. No one, I imagine, will take Petty Officer Herbert as a normal type. He is just a Simon Legree, tossed in to make life at Sorrento more exhilarating. Mr. Hartnell acts him so grimly that at the final curtain he must find it a relief to smile.

I hope that some of those who saw the Navy in action at the Apollo had a chance to see "Black-Ey'd Susan; or, All in the Downs" at the Bedford. This, from 1829, is a king of nautical melodramas. It has no counterpart to A.B. Badger—the author, Douglas Jerrold, was too anxious to be sternly moral—but it has an astonishing high tide of briny metaphor. William, an Honest Sailor, rarely uses a word that is not caked in salt. The gallant fellow, you will remember, wounded Captain Crosstree, who was seeking to press his attentions upon Black-Ey'd Susan. For that he was sentenced to be hanged from the fore-yard, and he would have been if one of the charming coincidences of melodrama had not saved him. Captain Crosstree turns out at the end to be magnanimous: the All-Black in this piece is Doggrass, one of the whip-cracking gentry that then berattled the stage,

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"GASLIGHT" (Vaudeville).—Patrick Hamilton takes us once more to hunt for the Barlow Rubies in darkest Victorian Pimlico. The play has lost nothing of its shivering quality during the last decade, and Robert Newton, Rosamund John and George Merritt as torturer, tortured and rescuer manage to keep us on edge.

"TARTUFFE" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Miles Malleson proves yet again that there is no need for a translation of Molière to totter upon stilts. The Bristol Old Vic Company plainly enjoys his supple translation, though George Coulouris is not consistently commanding as the major hypocrite.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (Open Air Theatre).—Ruth Lodge and Robert Atkins, excellent as Portia and Shylock, take the air under the copper-beech on the Regent's Park lawn.

"THE DISH RAN AWAY" (Whitehall).—A cheap and dolorous farce.

"BLACK-EY'D SUSAN" (Bedford).—How Honour is Saved and Villainy Laid Low (with songs and incidental hornpipe).

"PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE" (Rudolf Steiner).—Two performances of a Shakespearean rarity. The Under-Thirty Group, with John Harrison as producer, provided an evening that will stay in the mind, especially for its Recognition scene as performed by Paul Scofield (Pericles) and Daphne Slater (Marina).

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE DISPLAY AT FARNBOROUGH: FORMATION FLYING, AND FAMOUS AIRCRAFT.



A VETERAN OF AVIATION AT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE DISPLAY AT FARNBOROUGH: A THIRTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BLACKBURN AIRCRAFT OF 1912 DURING A DEMONSTRATION FLIGHT AT THE REHEARSAL ON JULY 5.



A FAMOUS AIRCRAFT OF FORTY-ONE YEARS AGO: A BLERIOT II. MONOPLANE BEING WHEELED BACK TO ITS SITE AFTER A DEMONSTRATION FLIGHT AT FARNBOROUGH.



FORMATION FLYING AS A "ROYAL SALUTE": HARVARD TRAINERS OF THE R.A.F. FORMING THE ROYAL MONOGRAM "G.R. VI." AT FARNBOROUGH.



A FEATURE OF THE R.A.F. DISPLAY WAS THE STATIC EXHIBITION OF AIRCRAFT; AND HERE SCHOOLCHILDREN ARE SEEN BEING SHOWN OVER A MASSIVE LINCOLN BOMBER.



"GERTIE," "GLADYS" AND "GUSSIE": R.A.F. SIKORSKY HELICOPTERS, WEARING THEIR "ELEPHANT TRUNKS" FOR A LIGHTEARTED TURN IN THE DISPLAY.



A DEPERDUSSEN MONOPLANE OF 1911 BEING WHEELED PAST A GREAT GATHERING OF SCHOOLCHILDREN AT FARNBOROUGH: FRANCE USED DEPERDUSSENS IN THE 1914-18 WAR.



ENEMY AIRCRAFT OF THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO: A GERMAN FOKKER D. VII. BIPLANE OF THE 1914-18 WAR IN THE STATIC AIRCRAFT DISPLAY AT FARNBOROUGH.

The Royal Air Force Display at Farnborough, Hants, was this year arranged for July 7 and 8, and His Majesty was to visit the display on the first day. The two previous days were arranged as dress rehearsals at which thousands of schoolchildren were to have been entertained. On the first of these days low cloud curtailed the rehearsal and some of the more spectacular events had to be cancelled. Ground events and some brilliant formation and individual flying were, however,

seen, and the reconstruction of the attack on Amiens Prison—a drawing of which appeared in our last issue—was a very popular feature. On July 6 bad weather caused the complete cancellation of the rehearsal. Among the exhibits some very interesting veteran aircraft were on show and among these was to be seen an Avro 504K of the type in which the King qualified as a pilot in the R.A.F. in 1919. The weather cleared for the opening of the display and the Royal visit.

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES: ROYAL OCCASIONS,
ST. COLUMBA'S, AND MR. CHURCHILL IN TWO RÔLES.



ST. COLUMBA'S, PONT STREET, AS IT WAS BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION BY BOMBING IN MAY, 1941.

St. Columba's, the well-known Church of Scotland church in Pont Street, was destroyed in an air raid in May, 1941. On July 4, Queen Elizabeth, who has taken much interest in the rebuilding plan, laid the foundation-stone of the new building. Dr. Scott, the minister, has appealed for a rebuilding fund of £150,000, of which £132,000 is already assured. St. Columba's is the Garrison church of the London Scottish.



HER MAJESTY LEAVING THE PONT STREET SITE AFTER LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW ST. COLUMBA'S.



ST. COLUMBA'S (CHURCH OF SCOTLAND), PONT STREET, AS IT WILL BE: AN ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF THE NEW CHURCH DESIGNED BY MR. EDWARD MAUFE.



THE FARMER OF CHARTWELL: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL (SEATED) WATCHING A TRACTOR AT WORK ON A RECLAMATION PROJECT AT CHARTWELL: WITH HIM ARE (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. ANTHONY EDEN AND CAPTAIN SOAMES (MR. CHURCHILL'S SON-IN-LAW).



THE GREAT HISTORICAL WRITER: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ADMIRING THE CHESNEY GOLD MEDAL OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION WHICH HE WAS AWARDED ON JULY 4.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S NEW CAR: THE GREEN 40-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE LIMOUSINE, WHICH WAS RECENTLY DELIVERED TO T.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. The new Rolls-Royce which was delivered to their Royal Highnesses on July 6 is an enclosed seven-passenger limousine with coachwork by H. J. Mulliner and Co., Ltd., finished in green and upholstered in grey cloth. It has an 8-cylinder-in-line engine of 57 litres rated at 40 h.p.



AT THEIR FIRST ROYAL INSPECTION SINCE 1939: THE KING'S BODYGUARD OF THE YEOmens OF THE GUARD BEING INSPECTED BY HIS MAJESTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE. On July 4 officers and men of the King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard were inspected by the King in the gardens of Buckingham Palace in the first Royal inspection since 1939. The Yeomen were in their Tudor uniforms and paraded in two lines; and their captain, Lord Lucan, took the parade.

STORM AND "SNOW" IN AUSTRALIA; AND EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND ITALY.



FLOODS IN AUSTRALIA: THE SCENE AT SOUTH GRAFTON, ON THE CLARENCE RIVER, IN NEW SOUTH WALES, WHERE HEAVY RAINS FLOODED A RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT. Australia this winter—as it is in the Southern Hemisphere—is experiencing severe vagaries of the weather. In New South Wales the Hunter River has been in flood, and hundreds of people have had to abandon their homes. There have been heavy seas, as well, as our picture of the stiff foam left by the storms of June 24-25 on the Sydney beaches shows.



"SYDNEY-STYLE SNOW": AUSTRALIAN CHILDREN PLAYING WITH THE STIFF FOAM WHICH THE HUGE BREAKERS OF JUNE 24 AND 25 LEFT BEHIND ON THE SYDNEY BEACHES.



A NEW POLO GROUND NEAR LONDON: THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S NEW GROUND IN SUTTON PLACE, NEAR GUILDFORD, SHOWING PLAY DURING THE OPENING GAME. Polo had a most encouraging start at the Duke of Sutherland's new ground on July 1. Many spectators watched the play in an extremely beautiful setting. In the first match played, Sussex beat Oxfordshire in a mixed game by 4 goals to 1; and in the second, Surrey beat Hertfordshire by 6 goals to 2.



ROBBERY IN A CATHEDRAL: THE SILVER CROSS OF EXETER CATHEDRAL'S HIGH ALTAR, AS IT WAS FOUND IN A FIELD, AFTER IT HAD BEEN STRIPPED OF ITS JEWELS. The heavily jewelled silver cross of the high altar of Exeter Cathedral (valued at about £20,000) was stolen from the high altar on the night of July 1-2, after the thieves had forced open a side door of the cathedral. Some hours later the cross, stripped of its valuable jewels, was found in a field near the Exeter-London road at Fenny Bridges. The cross weighs about a hundredweight, and was made from the Newman family plate.



AFTER HER CANONISATION ON JUNE 24: THE BODY OF SANTA MARIA GORETTI BEING CARRIED SHOULDER-HIGH TO THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI ON JULY 3. On July 3, the body of Maria Goretti, the "Little Martyr of Purity," who was canonised at St. Peter's on June 24, was carried through the streets of Rome to the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, where it was to lie for ten days in a glass coffin for the adoration of the many pilgrims in Rome for the Holy Year.



ONE OF THE MANY IMPROVEMENTS NOW IN PROGRESS, OR PROJECTED, AT LONDON AIRPORT: A 590-FT.-LONG PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY, TO PROMOTE THE SAFE TRANSIT OF PASSENGERS. London Airport—four of whose giant runways are already complete, the other three being about 68 per cent. finished—will eventually cover about 4600 acres. There is to be a huge central terminal area, which will be linked to other parts of the airport with a series of pedestrian tunnels to enable passengers to move in safety to and from the aircraft.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

WHEN a novel is enshied and sainted by the élite of culture, I feel no impulse to resist, but take it meekly and expect everything. And nearly always with the same result. The book itself appears oddly *minified*, like something at the wrong end of a telescope. Which is quite unfair, and really too bad.

For example—if it turned up unannounced, "A Source of Embarrassment," by Mary McCarthy (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), would be very striking indeed. Its wit, intellect, sophistication, ironic sympathy and nicety of touch would be a great thrill. For then they would be extras, judged as they came, not by the standards of exalted hope. Under the aegis of "Horizon," and preceded by a cultural *feu de joie*, it loses all power to astonish, except unfavourably. And so I was a little dashed. It looked rather small—not less distinguished than its fame, but less creative, less free and vigorous.

Which comes out all the more because the subject is large. Fifty Americans have left the world and the threat of war, to found their own Utopia on a secluded hill-top. They are extremely mixed, not only in character, but also in belief and purpose. At one end are the "purists," aiming at the good life, and faintly, distantly, aspiring to save humanity. Not that there are any saints among them; but while each has cause to doubt his own virtue, each is depending on the virtues of the whole group. At the other end is an opposing faction of "realists," brought up on Marx, estranged by Stalin, yet fanatical adorers of "history," which they continue to equate with moral value. To them, Utopia is just a safe place and summer colony; its higher meaning they regard as bunk. Indeed, they joined up largely for the triumph of seeing it fail—and baffling the purists, who naively hope to regenerate them. Yet in their inmost hearts they rather like being dubbed "salvageable," and would quite willingly be saved, if they could keep it dark. Between these two extremes is a middle class, of indeterminate, but on the whole purist, outlook.

And here the venture is anatomised, in its early stages. The colonists move into Utopia, clash, conspire, and rather shock themselves and each other; then they drift into a truce; and reach golden days; and then their fullness of enjoyment gives them a sense of hedonism, and generates a soaring plan for the human race. But when they think again, it all seems too hard; they are most dampingly reminded of world-inertia. Then to conclude, they have a brush with evil, in a very small way. And as it took them by surprise, they let themselves down.

The theme is large; the treatment has a rare intellectual subtlety. It deals in mental habits, attitudes, assumptions, conscious or not, and whether personal or of the group: in shades of personal and group feeling: in the complexion of the mind, and intersection of thought and character. It is incredibly precise, and rich in comedy. But it is too fine; the breadth and sweep demanded by the subject are just not there. One can't help feeling that the story is yet untold.

In "The Price is Right," by Jerome Weidman (Hammond; 10s. 6d.), we encounter the bad old world, from which the colonists were trying to flee—and no wonder. Henry Cade is thirtyish, and has a job in Vinnaver and Jaxon's news syndicate. This is not success, nor does he mean it for a life work; he is, theoretically, "shopping around," still hunting for a niche. But really he has not the make-up of the go-getter; he is too hesitant, too squeamish, too self-aware. And as the job is pretty good, he stays on—even though his girl has jilted him to marry the boss, and though his chief assignment is to butter-up an unpleasant moron, a strip-cartoonist of immense popularity.

And then the hateful Buzz deserts after all, snatched from them by a bigger firm and by a vulture in human shape. This is a general disaster, and to Henry it means the street again. He feels the curse of mediocrity as never before, its doom of lifelong insecurity. And at that very moment, he is dealt a trump card—a new potential columnist, a brand-new sensation. Flushed with the reality of power, he now decides to be a vulture himself. But he is not good at it; he lacks the cold blood and the thick skin. His actions may be common form; his violent, vindictive spirit is resented implacably. He goes from depth to depth in his own esteem, and all the time he is approaching the knock-out blow. For though his enemies are stupid, they are much stronger. This novel ought to have been very good. It is substantial and revealing, yet somehow languor has crept in. We seem to know it in advance, and simply to be going through the moves.

"Shady Cloister," by Winifred Lear (Macmillan; 9s. 6d.), is neither deep nor desperate; it is only charming, in a guileless and modest way. Just like its heroine Linnet Reilly, who teaches in a South London boarding-school. Linnet is rosy, innocent and twenty-three, a kind of schoolgirl herself—longing for pallor and sophistication, but incurably naive and gay, and almost comprehensively content with her job. She *likes* the staff-room and its gossip; she quite likes teaching, and at times aspires to be a female version of Mr. Chips. But most of all she longs to come first with somebody; it needn't even be a swain, though that would be very nice.

Unfortunately Arnold Cannon is a non-starter. He is much too raw—a poet exclusively absorbed in his own development, and with the worst manners of Bohemia. Poor Linnet has to listen and endure and do all the work, and after all in vain. But she secures the worship of a plain and unhappy child, who is being driven frantic by the clutch of a grown-up sister. The plot is nothing, and the style far from elegant; yet one can hardly wish it neater, when spontaneity is the prevailing charm.

"Everybody Always Tells," by E. R. Punshon (Gollancz; 9s.), is in the expected vein, but good. There has to be a dire female, melodramatic to the point of folly: and she turns up without delay. She has spent eighteen months on the religious life, and found nothing; now she is giving eighteen months to sin. Not crime, for that is merely vulgar. But they do tend to overlap, and Mrs. Findlay's Satanic period seems routed for a sticky end. But no; her husband is the corpse, while she remains Queen of Hell. As usual, we are led up to a grand climax—but in between there is an admirable thriller, with not too much of Bobby Owen in the home.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

CASTLING.

OF ten thousand different suggestions for "improving" chess—some of them far more logical and less arbitrary—just a few have survived the merciless testing of the centuries, and castling is one of them.

CAME BY STAGES.

It developed by stages. First, for several hundred years, a "king's leap" was allowed. Once in the game, each king was allowed to move like a knight; or, in another version, he could go two squares instead of one on his first move.

The Arabs in North Africa experimented with interchanging unmoved king and rook. The transition to castling, as we know it to-day, was easy.

Traders brought the new move across the Mediterranean to Italy, and invaders to Spain. From 1550 onwards there was some confusion, the same process counting as one move in Spain but two in Italy, but when in 1790 the English writer, Sarratt, reported that the law on the subject had been finally standardised, he deplored the fact because divergencies in practice gave more scope to the imagination.

THE EAST HAS LOCAL "BYE-LAW."

And more scope for quarrelling, too, we imagine! Many a Serviceman, playing a casual game with a native out in the Middle or Far East during the last war, encountered evidences that local "bye-laws" persist in chess yet. Few Indians practise the pawn's initial double move; and where, in the Middle East, they allow this double move, they often won't countenance the "*en passant*" capture that may ensue.

Castling is the *operation* and the "rook" the piece, in England. Curious that in France, Germany and Spain, this terminology is reversed, the piece being *tour*, *turm* or *torre* respectively—our word "tower"—and castling *rochade* or *roque*.

AN UNSUSPECTED PITFALL.

The easiest way for a beginner to make the move correctly is to bring the rook up (from whichever side) to the king and move the king over it to the next square beyond. But don't touch the rook first! Get hold of king and rook simultaneously. In the laws, castling is regarded as essentially a king move. If you are playing rigorous "touch and move," you must touch the king first or the king and rook simultaneously; if you get into the habit of picking up the rook first, you will sooner or later encounter some nasty pedantic person who will hold you to a move of the rook alone.

SOME PRACTICAL ADVICE.

When to castle, and how to castle?

Generalisation is not wise, but if you *must* have a simple rule, it is "On the king's side, about move five."

Many players think it a delightful idea to develop all the pieces from their back rank except the king and the two rooks and then keep their opponent on tenterhooks trying to guess which side they are going to castle. "If he attacks my king's side, I'll castle queen's, and vice versa," they chuckle to themselves. Unfortunately, the plan is a delusion. A skilled opponent won't mess about on either wing until he has secured control in the centre, from which his pieces can deploy equally well, when desired, to either side. To be still un-castled when your opponent has every piece in play, including his rooks, is to be two or three moves behind in development—which may be fatal.

DISSIMILAR CASTLING SPELLS EXCITEMENT!

When one player castles on the king's side, the other on the queen's, each can attack the other's king with pawns without weakening his own king's position. *Must* attack, in fact, for the winner will be the one who gets there first. It is sad this type of game is so rare, for it is usually very exciting.

THE PRACTICE OF LEADING MASTERS.

An important tournament took place in Budapest recently, ten gifted masters competing for the honour of officially challenging Botvinnik for the World Championship title. Ninety games were played, so there were 180 occasions for castling. On 159 of these, players castled king's side; only eight times on the queen's side. Only in one game did both players castle on the queen's side and only once did neither player castle at all, though white omitted to castle four times in all and black nine. These are fairly average figures, I should say, and indicative of custom among the best.

and unhappy child, who is being driven frantic by the clutch of a grown-up sister. The plot is nothing, and the style far from elegant; yet one can hardly wish it neater, when spontaneity is the prevailing charm.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

IT is more years than he would care to remember since Mr. Beverley Nichols wrote his youthful book on the United States, "The Star-spangled Manner," the parentage of which might have been described as "by precociousness out of the Oxford Union." Since that time he has had a prodigious output. Some have been first-class, some, like "Evensong," first-class but embarrassing in the circumstances of the writing; some silly—like "Cry Havoc"; and some faintly emetic (at any rate to me), with their pixy intertwining of green fingers in a garden. But "Verdict on India" was a shrewd, timely and virile work, and now Mr. Nichols has produced what, to my mind, is undoubtedly his best book: "Uncle Samson" (Evans Brothers; 12s. 6d.). We are all anxious to know something of the colossal and capricious power in the shadow of which we have been placed by two world wars. That we are in its shadow is, I think, imperfectly realised by us, with our healing power of self-deception. Our interest in the States is faintly condescending—like the attitude of a faded aristocrat expressing a polite interest in the career of her former butler's son, who has risen to great wealth and, in fact, holds the mortgages on the family mansion. It comes, therefore, as something of a shock when Mr. Nichols reveals that this interest is scarcely returned in anything like the same measure—that, for instance, the American newspapers on a continent-wide basis devote about as much space to our affairs as our papers do to events in the Isle of Man.

This is a highly amusing book. There is hardly a page which doesn't tempt one to quotation or to the higher compliment of insisting on reading a passage aloud to "nears and dears" who are trying to read something else. Mr. Nichols knows his America well and his irony is usually gentle and his mockery proceeds from understanding and affection for the strange race whose "foreignness" is concealed from us by the accident of a faintly similar language. How alien in thought and action they are best shown by his chapters on the religions of America. I particularly liked Dr. Doreal and the "Shamballa Ashrama," who has induced a large number of rich Americans to go and live in the "Great White Lodge," protected by high mountains from the atomic wrath to come. Of this catastrophe Dr. Doreal will receive (to quote *Life*) warning "from his superiors who live in a white-metal underground temple suspended seventy-five miles under Tibet. They are reached either by swift elevator or by Doreal's unique 'astral projection,' which permits his soul to travel while his body remains on the job in Colorado."

When Mr. Nichols is serious—as over the colour question, he is shrewd and often moving. An excellent book.

Mr. Douglas Reed's "Somewhere South of Suez" (Cape; 12s. 6d.) also concerns itself with the colour problem—but in this case in Africa. Like all Mr. Reed's books, it is well written, like all of them it is interesting. One does not have, I think, to agree with all Mr. Reed has to say on the dark conspiracies of Communism and Political Zionism—particularly the latter—to appreciate a book which is packed with good sense. Mr. Reed was once one of the greatest of foreign correspondents. He has not lost either his insight, his quick eye or his ready pen. He is at his best when he is reporting—and providing the background to the report. The picture he paints of the danger to South Africa of the clash between dominant, if divided, whites, and fecund, Communist-inspired blacks, is at times curiously clear, at others equally curiously blurred. The problem could not be more clearly posed, but the solution—if solution there be—is confused by dissertations on the shortcomings (which were undoubtedly) of President Roosevelt and the Americans at Yalta, and the activities of the Jews in New York. It is all very interesting and often a little puzzling.

One of Mr. Reed's interpolated chapters—if I may call them that—is called "The Decline of the American Republic." Mr. Reed deals with high politics with a delicious dash of strong prejudice. M. André Maurois, on the other hand, in "My American Journal" (Falcon; 12s. 6d.), remains what Mr. Reed was originally—a first-class reporter.

Indeed, the resemblance can be pushed further. The life of anybody working on a daily newspaper is a series of cleaned slates. Yesterday's triumphs, bloomers, boredom become the same *tabula rasa*. One lives as in a war, or in the long and fatal illness of one whom one loves, from day to day. Each entry in this journal of his visit to America in 1946 to take up one of those fabulous professorships can be read by itself—and with equal enjoyment. No need to suggest that in spite of its air of genial superficiality it is penetrating. That is the Maurois' technique. It covers the same ground as Mr. Nichols—but in the microcosm of the campus. And I would like to know whether the entries under various dates under the heading of "Aphorisms" are those of M. Maurois. If so, here is a second de la Rochefoucauld—even if one remembers René Quinton's wicked epigram: "*De la Rochefoucauld, médecin, eut traité de la peau.*" Occasionally one finds that M. Maurois' almost professional Anglo-Saxony has flaws. For example, he describes a visit to his "master Alain who taught me philosophy" and "found him seated at his little table reading one of the less-known Kiplings, 'Brunglesmith.'" The picture may be endearing to the French or American reader, but the italics and the astonishment are mine! However, it is all most agreeable. But there is a seamy side to every civilisation. While it is foolish to echo anti-American propagandists who present the whole of the culture of that great country as "Hollywood gangsterism," there is no doubt that the law and its enforcement take on a different complexion across the Atlantic. It is therefore the more interesting to find such a valuable, serious study (in popular guise) of American criminology as "Twelve Against the Law," by Edward D. Radin (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.). This is an analysis of twelve comparatively recent crimes in the United States and the detective methods which were used to bring the criminals to book. As an indefatigable reader of "whodunits," I recommend this to fellow-addicts who wish to see a facet of American civilisation at the same time.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



(ABOVE.)

RESTORED TO ITS FORMER GLORY AFTER BEING ONE OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST JIG-SAW PUZZLES: THE CARVED WOOD SCREEN OF MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL, WHICH SAW SHAKESPEARE ACT IN "TWELFTH NIGHT," AND WHICH WAS BLASTED INTO INNUMERABLE FRAGMENTS DURING THE WAR.

ON the night of October 15, 1940—during the same month that the reredos of St. Paul's was destroyed and St. James's, Piccadilly, the Tate Gallery, Lambeth Palace and St. Thomas's Hospital were damaged—the panels and mouldings of the famous carved wood screen of the Middle Temple Hall were blasted into innumerable fragments by enemy action. Fortunately the Inn's Surveyor collected every fragment that could be found, and carefully preserved them. The screen has now been reconstructed—from what must surely have been one of the most complex jig-saw puzzles of all time—and stands again in its pristine splendour. In this reconstruction, much was due to the Surveyor's foresight; but much assistance also was derived from the scale elevation, plan and section which we show on this page. This was made in Victorian times under the direction of Mr. J. P. St. Aubyn, who was Architect to the Society of the Middle Temple between 1854 and 1884. Our readers may notice some discrepancies between the drawing and the screen, principally in the larger panels; but, we are assured, the screen is correct and the drawing at fault or incomplete, the additional mouldings of the panels being

of original wood. The screen was erected in 1574, and the double-leaved doors were added in 1671. The Treasurer's Accounts Book for that year reveals, incidentally, that the bills of the smith, carpenter and wood-carver, for making these doors totalled in all £60 14s. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Masters of the Bench of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple.



A DETAILED SCALE DRAWING OF THE SCREEN MADE IN THE LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY, WHICH PROVED OF INESTIMABLE VALUE DURING THE SCREEN'S RECENT REASSEMBLY FROM THE FRAGMENTS INTO WHICH THE BOMBS OF OCTOBER 15, 1940, HAD BLASTED IT.

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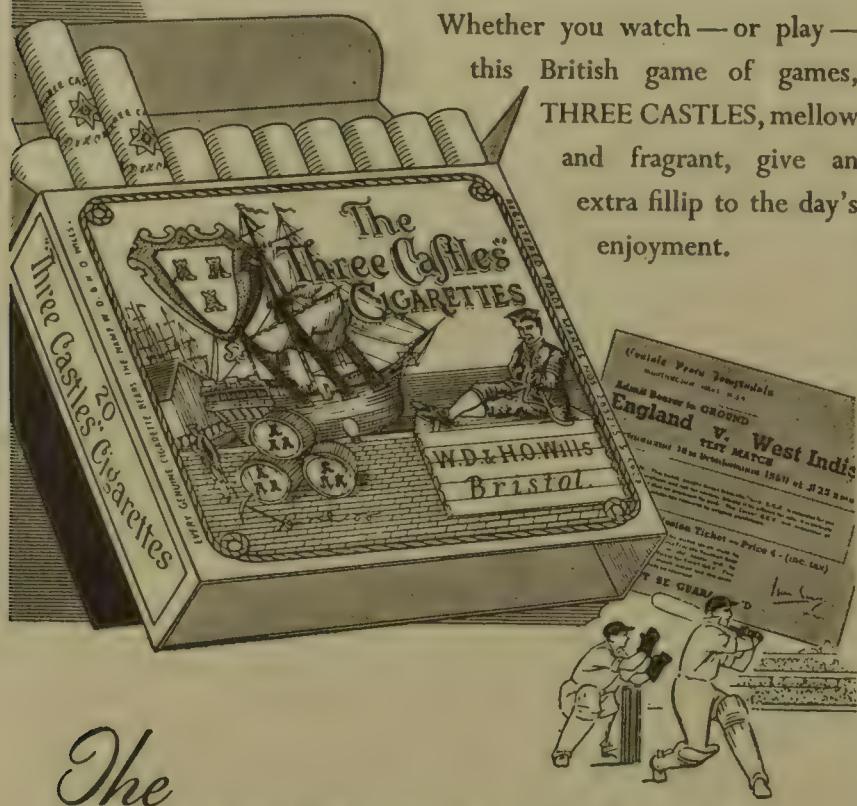
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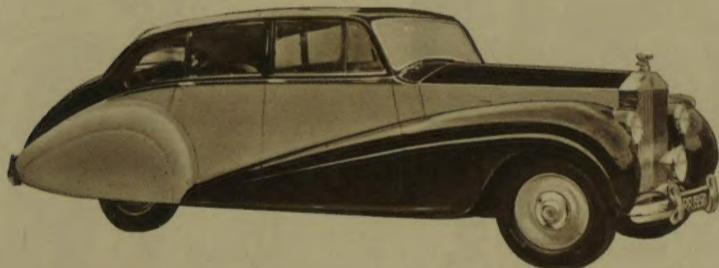
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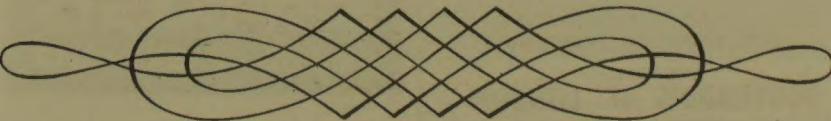


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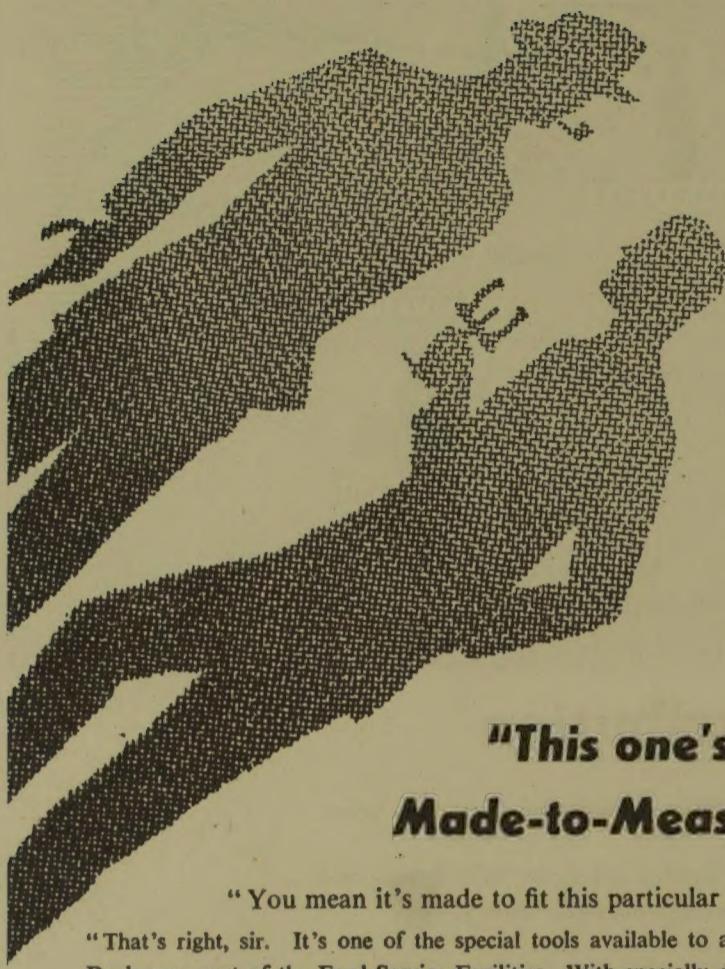


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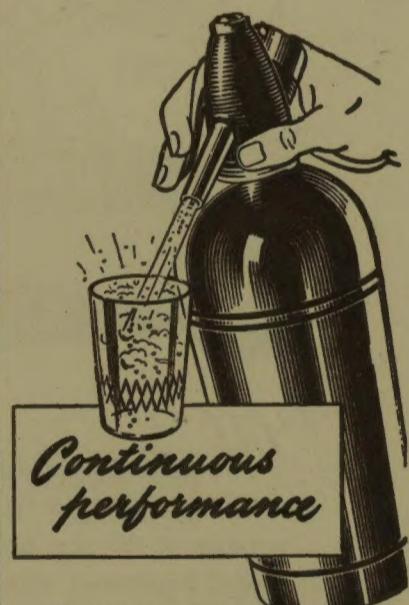
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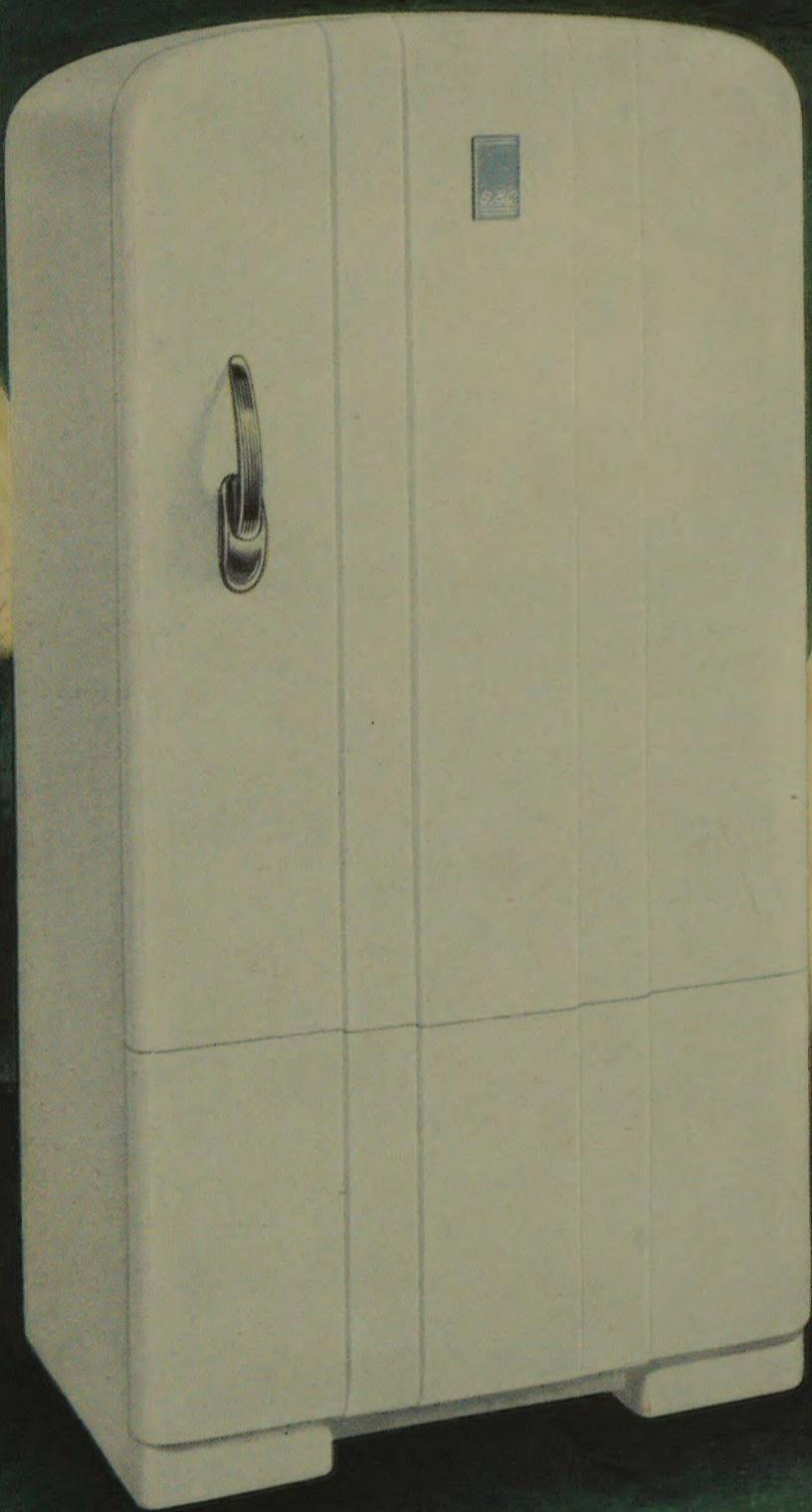
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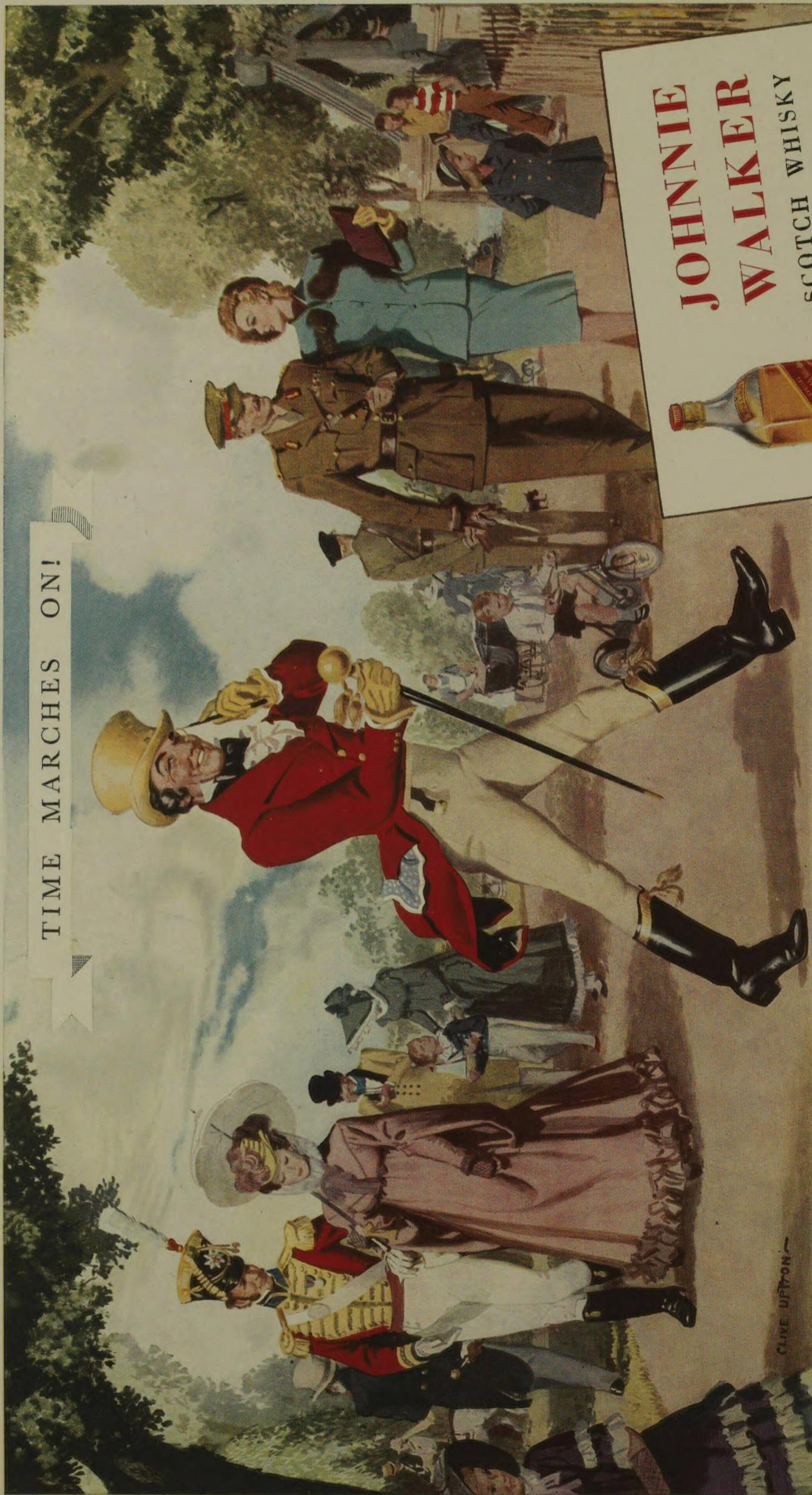


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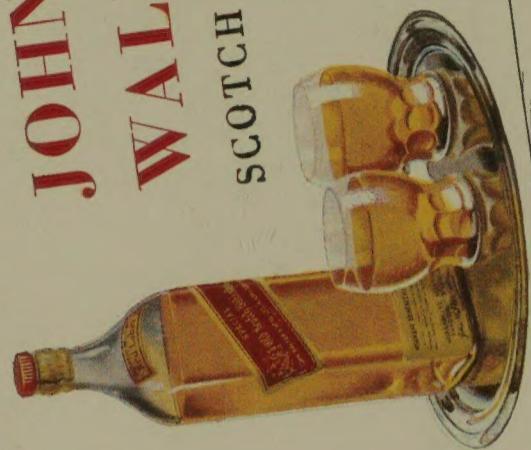
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